The Outlook

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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Congress: The Panama Debate

The event of last week in Congress was the thing that did not happen. No further step was taken to secure a caucus agreement among Democratic Senators binding them to oppose the pending Panama treaty unless instructed by their State Legislatures to support it. Indeed, the action of the Mississippi Legislature last week, instructing Mississippi Senators to support the treaty, made it still clearer than before that most of the Gulf State Democratic Senators will support the Administration's policy of hurrying forward the canal at Panama, no matter how sharply they may attack some of the steps already taken. The idea that a Democratic party caucus will defeat the treaty has been practically abandoned. In the Senate debate last week public interest centered in Senator Lodge's defense of the Administration's Panama policy, and Senator Morgan's reply. Senator Lodge's address was in the main a review of the principles of international law and the precedents of American diplomacy touching the recognition of the independence of other countries. Senator Lodge maintained that such recognition was an executive function, and when Senator Bacon interposed the statement that Senator Lodge had supported the Congressional resolution declaring the independence of Cuba, Senator Lodge replied that this Congressional resolution had not carried with it any recognition of the Government of Cuba. The recognition of new Governments, he maintained, had always been left to the Executive. In some instances, as when France in 1870 and Brazil in 1889 changed their forms of government from empires to republics, the new Governments were recognized within two days of their establishment. Of Senator Lodge's citations from legal authorities regarding the extent of the President's power in all international negotiations the most striking was the following extract from Pomeroy's "Constitutional Law:"

> All foreign relations are thus confided exclusively to the President or to him in connection with the Senate. . . . The President cannot declare war; Congress alone possesses this attribute. But the President may, without possibility of hindrance from the legislature, so conduct the foreign intercourse, the diplomatic negotiations with other Governments, as to force a war, as to compel another nation to take the initiative; and this step once taken, the challenge cannot be refused.

Senator Morgan, in his reply to Senator Lodge, took the ground that while the President may recognize a *de facto* government, he has no right to make facts to give him the right to recognize such a government. Colombia, he said, had a right to consider the recognition of such a *de facto* government before she had relinquished her sovereignty an act of war.

❀

Democratic Policies and Candidates

As the Presidential campaign draws nearer, Democratic voters naturally look to the past leaders of the party to define the issues or to reaffirm old platform principles. The dinner last week in honor of Mayor McClellan of New York City, and the utterances of Mr. Bryan upon his return from his trip abroad, were expected to throw light on these points, but although some interesting expressions of opinion were made, it can hardly be said that there is as yet presented a basis for united action. Mr. Bryan, at the reception tendered

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him, expressed his appreciation of the courtesy shown him abroad by Republican officials, forcibly declared that his belief in American ideals and aspirations had been increased by what he saw there, and in general terms asserted that a party has no claim to public respect if it works for a sectional cause or regulates its doctrines by the effect on the pocketbook rather than the growth of the Nation. He disagreed with those who, he said, thought we should have a navy so great as to terrify other nations, and he wished our flag to typify "the biggest and bravest and most enlightened Nation, with the highest type of civilization, until the people of any land would say to their monarch, 'Don't touch that flag, it stands for our rights and your rights.'" Of specific issues he did not speak, but it is possible he may do so in a public address to be made this week. At the McClellan dinner, ex-Secretary of State Olney, Mr. Hill, Mr. Cockran, and Governor Montague were among the speakers. The first caused some sensation by his warm eulogy of Mr. Cleveland as "the man of all men most thoroughly representative of the National policies" which Mr. Olney regarded as essential to Democratic success; and this, despite Mr. Cleveland's recent clear-cut and positive refusal to be regarded as a possible candidate, has been by many regarded as an indication that Mr. Cleveland's admirers still hope that he will change his mind under pressure. Mr. Olney argued that ours is a government by party, that a strong opposition, founded on principle, is essential to prevent corruption, and that the Republican party would have been spared many follies and the country many calamities if there had been recently such a united and patriotic opposition as he believed there would be in the future. The Democratic party, he affirmed, would stand in foreign policy for "international morality, . . . for observance of treaties, . . . for refusal to take by stealth or robbery what we have no right to get except by the consent of the owner, for continuing our traditional rôle as defender of the weaker States of this hemisphere instead of becoming their spoliator, for minding our own business generally." In matters domestic, he said, it would stand for economy in expenditure, tariff revision in the interest of the country at large, the removal from trusts of a protection that enables them to sell cheaper abroad than at home, for the supremacy of law, and an administration free from "graft." Mr. Olney came nearer than any other speaker to a definite enunciation of political principle. Mr. Hill, it is true, touched many apparently specific points, but his recommendations were vague and general, and he took refuge more than once in the broadly evasive statement that every one knew where the party stood on this and that question—which is exactly what remains to be known. Mr. Cockran and Mr. McClellan both spoke eloquently, and vigorously asserted that the party had stood and would stand for the public good, but neither entered into the questions upon which Democrats are supposed to differ, except that both censured the Administration on the Panama question. The fact that all four of the Northern speakers put the Panama question to the front, while Governor Montague, of Virginia, the only Southern speaker, ignored it, seems significant of a sectional division in the party on this point.

❀

Porto Ricans Not Aliens

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that citizens of Porto Rico are not aliens of the United States, and are therefore entitled to enter this country without obstruction. It seems that a Porto Rican woman was refused admission to the port of New York, on the ground that she was likely to become a public charge. The Supreme Court holds that she is not an alien, and therefore not subject to the restrictions imposed by the Act of 1891. Apparently, the decision would be equally applicable to native Filipinos and Hawaiians. We do not see how, justly, any other decision could have been rendered. The Porto Rican is not a citizen of any other nation. If he is not a citizen of the United States, he has no citizenship anywhere. He is a waif and an estray, holding allegiance to no government,

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and having a right to call on none for protection. This decision does not affect, either directly or indirectly, the question of the Porto Rican's right to suffrage, nor the relation of Porto Rico itself as a commuuity to the United States, to which it is subject, but of which previous decisions of the Supreme Court have held that it is not a part. It simply goes to show that a subject of the United States, who is not a citizen of the United States in the sense in which citizens of States and organized Territories are under the Constitution, is nevertheless a citizen of the United States in the sense that he is amenable to its laws and entitled to its protection.

❀

The Postal Frauds

Two cases were passed upon by the courts last week of men accused of participation in the postal frauds outlined in the report of Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow. In one case a conviction was obtained. In the other the accused went free; and, singularly enough, the point on which the two cases appear to have turned was precisely the same. As, therefore, the United States Courts in New York and Nebraska have rendered diametrically opposed judgments on the same point, it seems evident that a decision of the United States Supreme Court must be awaited for its final settlement. In Brooklyn the conviction of ex-Congressman Edmund H. Driggs on the charge of accepting compensation or commissions for effecting contracts between the Post-Office Department and a business concern was accompanied by a recommendation to mercy, the judge declaring that Mr. Driggs violated the statute unwittingly, as he did not know of its existence. The jury found that the facts were as alleged, and the court refused to admit as a valid technical defense the allegation that at the time when these transactions took place Congressman Driggs was not a member of Congress but only a member elect, as he had not taken the oath of office. In the Nebraska case, on the other hand, Judge Van Devanter, of the United States Circuit Court, held that Senator Dietrich was not a member of the Senate at the time the alleged cases occurred, because he had not at that time taken the oath of office, and the charges against him were dismissed without any examination into their truth. The District Attorney naturally pointed out the fact that by raising this technical point Senator Dietrich deprived himself of the opportunity of securing a vindication, if he were confident of his innocence, through a trial of the case on its merits.

❀

Drastic Action by Colorado's Governor

The attitude of Governor Peabody, of Colorado, toward the strikers in the labor struggles which have been going on in that State during the past few months has attracted unusual attention and a good deal of criticism, some favorable, some adverse. The principle underlying his action has been so to protect business interests that work can go on in spite of strikes. Adherence to this principle led him to send troops to the Cripple Creek district without the request of the county authorities, and in the face of their statement that such assistance was not needed. He believed that an outbreak was imminent, and the mine-owners assured him that if protection were afforded the mines could resume operations, as many workmen were anxious to be at work. The troops were sent, and the mines were at once reopened and are running to-day at their full capacity. Other acts of the Governor have been severely criticised. On one occasion, at Cripple Creek, the commanding officer refused to recognize a writ of *habeas corpus*. The Governor sustained this position for a few hours, but finally ordered the officer to turn his prisoner over to the court. The "Victor Record," a newspaper which devoted two or three columns of each issue to criticism of the militia and other attacks upon the authorities, was suppressed for a time, and finally was allowed to go on only under military censorship. Then the Governor declared that Cripple Creek was in a state of insurrection, and put into effect a modified form of martial law. The principal object of this action was to hold in jail, until the excitement was over, a number of char-

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acters who could not, in his opinion, be safely trusted to the sheriff and his deputies. Cripple Creek was policed by soldiers, but otherwise there was no interference with the civil administration. At Telluride there had been no violence perpetrated, but the mines had to shut down because the workmen were intimidated by the strikers who picketed the hills. The mine-owners wanted to reopen the mines, and troops were sent to protect them. The crisis was quickly passed, conditions are rapidly improving, and the troops are being steadily withdrawn. Legal criticism of the Governor's course has been indecisive; able lawyers are ranged on both sides of the question as to whether or not he has exceeded his constitutional powers. The Supreme Court of the State has now under advisement whether the Governor or the Legislature has the right to declare a community in a state of insurrection. The Western Federation of Miners and its sympathizers, among whom are the sheriff and others of the Cripple Creek officials, are, of course, a unit in the condemnation of the Governor. But the business men, owners of property, taxpayers, and many of the laboring men, judge of the Governor's acts by their results. They want the opportunity to carry on their business, and they heartily support the Governor who has secured for them the conditions in which they can work. Whether he has stretched the law or not, the Governor accomplished his purpose, and the labor situation has wonderfully brightened under the influence of his firm attitude. Whether his drastic course has more deeply embittered the deplorable class feud which prompted it cannot yet be determined.

❀

Governor Odell's Canal Plan

The most important and most widely discussed portion of Governor Odell's message to the New York Legislature concerns the financing of the canal improvement authorized by the popular referendum last fall. He proposes that the State, instead of issuing long-time bonds, should have recourse to what are practically assessments on the counties. By assuming that if the citizens use their own capital instead of borrowing money they save the whole amount of interest they otherwise would pay, he figures out a great gain. By the issuing of certain bonds, which he confesses "might not prove attractive to investors" and therefore would have to be issued to the counties in return for levies, he suggests that money for the improvement could be borrowed, comparatively little interest paid, and yet the payment of the indebtedness deferred for many years. To describe the plan in detail is hardly necessary, for whatever possible value it might have as an ingenious financial scheme is vitiated by the fact that, according to Governor Odell's own admission, one constitutional amendment would be required for its consummation, that probably two other amendments would be necessary, and that, in the Governor's own words, "still other constitutional objections might be raised." Like his proposal regarding educational matters, of which we speak in another column, this plan, if it is seriously considered by the Legislature, can have no other effect than to prolong discussion when action is necessary and to defer perhaps indefinitely an undertaking that the State has set its mind on.

❀

San Domingo

The troubled condition of affairs in San Domingo does not decrease in seriousness, and there is grave reason to fear that it may be necessary for the United States to take stringent measures to protect American life and property. It is quite probable that such action might be taken jointly with the representatives of Great Britain and possibly of Germany. A despatch received at the Navy Department in Washington last week declared that anarchy was prevailing in the vicinity of Porto Plata, and that business is practically at a standstill. Commander Dillingham, of our cruiser the Detroit, succinctly characterizes the revolution as one, not of principle, but between factions. At present the Jiménez faction is so far in power that it is collecting duties and dues; Jiménez himself is at Santiago. Commander Dillingham

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reports that he has forbidden fighting or the presence of an armed force of any party within certain limits necessary to protect the lives of United States citizens at Sousa. A British naval captain has joined Captain Dillingham in a note to the Governor of Porto Plata, holding him responsible for any disaster, and declaring that prompt action will be taken by the American and British commanders in case of disorder. The Navy Department fully indorses Commander Dillingham's action and attitude, but hopes that out of the present chaos in the island (at one time, if not now, four separate movements, which might perhaps by courtesy be called revolutions, were going on independently of one another in the island) a form of self-government will be established. Fighting before the capital—San Domingo—took place as lately as January 9, and feeble and spasmodic attempts have been made by President Morales to bombard Porto Plata and to blockade the port of San Domingo.

❀

Russia and Japan Last week both Russia and Japan made noteworthy preparations for war, but these preparations were probably to some extent attempts on the part of the two countries to frighten the other by showing an entire readiness to back up diplomatic arguments by force of arms. Perhaps the most picturesque event of the week was the departure from Genoa of the two new Japanese cruisers, the Niasin and Kasaga, especially after it became known, first, that some persons had attempted to set the Niasin on fire by tampering with the electrical appliances, and, secondly, that two Russian battle-ships and seven torpedo-boat destroyers from the Baltic were lying in wait in the Mediterranean on the presumable line of a voyage from Italy to Japan. The Russian army preparations last week include the despatch of more troops into Manchuria, the strengthening of the fortifications at Port Arthur, and the ordering of additional contracts for army supplies. To counterbalance this the Japanese Government has allowed it to become known that thirty thousand troops can be landed in Korea in one day if necessary. Additional evidences of the Japanese navy's superiority to the Russian are also at hand. As an indication of American interest, both the Russian and Japanese legations have received applications for commissions in the Russian and in the Japanese army and navy, a very large proportion of those offering their services being former American army and navy officers, and privates who have been in actual warfare in Cuba and the Philippines. The unvarying answer of the Japanese officials to these applications is as follows:

> Of course we greatly appreciate the kindly sentiment expressed by those who wish to fight in our army, but there is no volunteer army in Japan, and all the soldiers are Japanese; so I am compelled to decline their services with the expression of our deep gratitude.

❀

The Americo-Chinese Treaty The recent Russian reoccupation of Mukden in the Chinese province of Manchuria was only one of a number of instances which at first hardly seemed to point in the direction of fair play by that Power towards China, but which may all be explained by the unrest among the inhabitants. It was expected by some observers that Russia's movement would intimidate China and prevent her from ratifying the treaty obligations pending between Japan and China and America and China—obligations which only required ratification by the Emperor to become law. As these must be signed with the Great Seal, however, and as it is only on certain days in the Chinese hierarchical calendar that the Great Seal is taken out, the delay was supposed by our Department of State to be due to the fact that one of those days might not have arrived. This theory may have been correct, for on Saturday of last week the welcome news was telegraphed from Peking that the Emperor had actually ratified the American and Japanese treaties. The American treaty will be forwarded to the United States from Peking, and should be in Washington six weeks hence. The exchange must take place in Washington between Secretary Hay and Sir

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Chentung Liang Cheng, the Chinese Minister. The treaty will then be proclaimed by the President, and a date set for its provisions to take effect. It is announced that not the slightest difficulty is expected at the State Department in putting into operation those sections of the treaty providing for the opening to American commerce of the new ports of Mukden and Antung. Preparation for this has been made by submitting estimates to Congress for the salaries of consuls, whose nominations will soon be sent to the Senate. On their confirmation the consuls will proceed to Peking, present credentials, secure exequaturs, and open consular offices, ready to clear American merchant ships at Mukden and Antung. This will make a test case of Russia's intentions as to the carrying out of the promises made by her representatives concerning freedom of trade in Manchuria, and repeated on Monday of this week to all the Powers, that "it will respect fully the rights which any nation has in Manchuria under treaty with China, a declaration made without reservation."

❀

"The Yellow Peril" In the event of a Russo-Japanese war, now regarded on both sides as inevitable sooner or later, an alliance between China or Korea and Japan—Kaiser William's "yellow peril"—is not feared by Russian diplomats, for they declare that Korea and even China may henceforth be regarded as "negligible quantities." "We should immediately occupy Mongolia and what is left of Chinese Turkestan," they say, "thus not only protecting our Siberian border, but also keeping a check on the four northern provinces of China proper, over which, in any case, our influence is already preponderant." Some Chinese admit that China might not be called a Power within the meaning of the Franco-Russian Convention, hence France would not be called upon to interfere; they rather resent, however, any imputation that their possible aid to Japan should be construed as that of a "negligible quantity;" they say that it would prove a strong temptation towards the more than counterbalancing aid to Russia by France. In reply to this it will be urged that the consequent aid by England to Japan, made necessary by the terms of the Anglo-Japanese alliance (providing that if Japan be attacked by more than one Power, England shall come to Japan's assistance), would, in its turn, more than counterbalance any aid that could be afforded to Russia by France.

❀

Armenian Affairs Advices from Erzerum, in Turkish Armenia, report that the people of Sasun are in a state of semi-panic, fearing a repetition of the awful events in that town and district of ten years ago. The local governor and other officials are said to have fled, and many Armenians would be glad to escape across the Russian frontier but are prevented by detachments of Kurdish cavalry, which have been stationed at all the villages along the frontier to check the passage of revolutionary bands from Russian Armenia into Turkish Armenia, and also the passage of the Sultan's terror-stricken inhabitants into the Czar's domains. However, it is said that no less than a thousand armed Armenians are now operating in the district of Sasun, commanded by a chief named Antranik. The Turkish General, Tewfik Pasha, with several battalions of troops and six guns, has arrived at Mush, seventeen miles from Sasun, where the feeling of anxiety is intense. The French Journal "Pro Armenia" (directed by such eminent men as MM. Clemenceau, Pressensé, Jaurès, and Anatole France) throws some light on this situation in its recent reports from Van, Bitlis, and Harput. According to these reports, Kurdish violence against the Armenian people, especially in the region between Segherd and Bitlis, is continually increasing in arrogance. For example, Ali-Muso, Kurdish chief of the village of Kergamo, recently shot and instantly killed an Armenian who was peaceably passing by; the chief gave as his only explanation, "I have an imperial command to kill 'foreigners' whom I think to be rebels, no matter where I find

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them." In this connection it is interesting to note that the Patriarchal Vicar of Mush has just been decorated by the Sultan. Mush is the diocese in which the slow extermination of the Armenians has been prosecuted with greater apparent success than elsewhere. The more intelligent young men are vigilantly watched or thrown into prison as suspects, but the Government is taking great care lest news of its high-handed proceeding should reach the outer world, especially through the American outpost of civilization at Harput, to the west of the disturbed district.

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Macedonia and Bulgaria

Last week a strong force of Turkish troops was sent to Kumanova, near Uskub, where a Bulgaro-Macedonian band had invaded Turkish territory. Fighting is also reported to have occurred at Kochana, fifty miles southeast of Uskub, the Bulgaro-Macedonians losing about a hundred killed. Some of the leaders of the insurrectionary bands, operating from Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, as headquarters, have now reached London, with the object of enlisting English sympathy. They repeat their assertion that autonomy under a Christian Governor, who himself acknowledges the suzerainty of the Sultan, will satisfy them and lead at once to the pacification of European Turkey; that they have no faith either in the original or the revised scheme of Austro-Russian reforms; that they are convinced of the existence of a secret understanding between the two Powers by which inaction is maintained until the Turkish northern and western provinces can be divided between them; that they distrust Russian diplomacy, and are confident that Austria-Hungary, with its confederation of races invariably pulling in opposite directions, will never intervene with energy; that they are not anxious to have a big Bulgaria, although they are constrained to admit that the principality may be drawn into war with Turkey next year, and that Russia may be dragged after it by the force of Pan-Slav sentiment. They want a self-governing Macedonia under conditions analogous to those prevailing in Crete, and they are confident that this can be done under the leadership of Great Britain, with the support of France and Italy.

❀

Macedonia and the Powers

Last week Mr. E. F. Carson, secretary of the Macedonian relief committee of Philadelphia, presented to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations arguments favorable to the passage of the resolution introduced by Senator Penrose, requesting the President to use his good offices toward the reconvening of the representatives of the nations that took part in the Berlin Congress of 1878. The reason for another Congress lies in the necessity for the execution of the international agreement signed in 1878 to protect the lives and property of Christians in the Ottoman Empire. Mr. Carson asserted that none of the reforms provided for in the Berlin Treaty, which he said were to be carried out under the supervision of the signatory Powers, had been executed. The principal reason of this failure was that the measures necessary to carry the reforms into effect had not, as required by Turkish law, received the approval of the Sheik-ul-Islam, the interpreter of the Koran. The sacred law forbade equality and protection to the Christian population of the Empire, and therefore it was impossible to carry the reform into effect. Mr. Carson pointed out three instances in which the American Government had taken action similar to that suggested. It was a recognized principle of international law, he added, that no Government had the right to rule or misrule its people so as to jeopardize the lives or property of citizens of other nations. Exactly this has occurred as a consequence of Turkish misrule in Macedonia.

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The Pope on Church Music

Pope Pius X., whose interest in church music when he was Cardinal Sarto was well known, has uttered his protest against the frivolous character of the music prevalent in the Roman Catholic churches of Italy and France. He has

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urged a return to the simple Gregorian chant as a means of avoiding inappropriate music and of encouraging congregational singing. There is nothing unprecedented in this effort of the Pope to elevate the music of his Church. The name of Gregory the Great, the thirteen hundredth anniversary of whose death is to be celebrated this year, owes its eminence as much to his promotion of music as it does to his furtherance of the mission to Britain and the reform of clerical practices. So it has been in later times. The intrusion into the services of the Church of dance music, love songs, and even the music set to lewd ballads, which the congregation often sang to their original words while the choir were singing the religious words, came to be so pronounced that a commission of cardinals was created by Pius IV. to carry out a resolution of the Council of Trent on the subject. The tendency which the present Pope is opposing is the same that his predecessors have opposed. Similar tendencies have also appeared in Protestant churches, though neither in them nor recently in the Roman Catholic Church have these tendencies gone to the extreme that they reached when the great composer Palestrina checked them by his genius. The question is a fundamental one whether music is to be to the church what molasses is to a fly-trap, something to lure people into church, or whether, like the prayers and the sermons, it is to be a direct instrument for moral and religious elevation. Whether it is the operatic airs of Italian Catholic churches or the trivial "gospel" tunes of Protestant churches, music in worship which, though it attracts numbers, degrades taste and banishes reverence, is, as a Western professor calls it, immoral. Such music is immoral because in the name of religion it coarsens the mental fiber of worshipers and deprives them of that sense of awe, the "fear of God," upon which religion itself depends.

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Gérôme the French Painter

Jean Léon Gérôme died suddenly on Sunday in Paris. He was one of the most widely known among modern French painters. His pictures have had a popularity that is due more to their striking and even sensational qualities than to any great artistic merit. In certain matters of technique Gérôme was undoubtedly clever, and as a teacher of these he had a wide and lasting influence. He was brilliant as a colorist, and was ingenious in catching characteristic poses. But his pictures almost totally lack tone and never express a mood of mind. They frequently tell a story in a graphic fashion, and for that reason have a wide appeal among people who care little or nothing for the artistic value of pictures. His works have commanded very high prices. During the later years of his life Gérôme largely abandoned his painting for sculpture, and the day before he died exhibited to his friends a statue which, except for the coloring, he had finished. Had he lived until May 11 he would have been eighty years old. Among the pictures that come to mind at the mention of Gérôme's name are the "Cock Fight," an early work which is now in the Luxembourg, "Anacreon, Bacchus, and Love," "The Arab and His Steed," and "Golgotha." The latter pictures the scene of the crucifixion, but the three crosses are indicated only by their shadows on the rocks. One of his most effective and characteristic pictures, "Son Éminence Grise," is in the Boston Museum. Another, "Cæsar Dead," is in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington. Other pictures of his are in this country.

❀

Francis Wayland

On the retirement of Dr. Francis Wayland from the position of Dean of Yale Law School last year The Outlook commented on his delightful personality, his devotion to his work, and his success in building up, materially and educationally, the law department of Yale University. After an active life of more than seventy years, Dr. Wayland had been partially incapacitated from work by severe illness and retired to a well-earned rest. Born in Boston in 1826, the son of the most distinguished President that Brown University has ever had, Dr. Wayland was graduated from Brown University in 1840; took his M.A. degree from Yale

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in 1872; began the practice of law in Worcester, Massachusetts; removed in 1858 to New Haven; became Judge of Probate six years later, and in 1869 Lieutenant-Governor of the State. In 1872 he was appointed Professor of English Constitutional Law and Dean of the Yale Law School. His interests were manifold. He was for several years President of the American Social Science Association, and he was greatly interested in all prison work and in organized charities. As a writer, his attention was given chiefly to sociological and charitable topics and to criminology. His death at his home in New Haven last Saturday afternoon ends a long and honorable career. Dr. Wayland was a man of unusual personal charm, eminently companionable, a born story-teller, with a genius for friendship.

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A Veteran Reformer Parke Godwin, the last of the old Brook Farm group of idealistic communists, died in New York last week, at the age of eighty-seven. Mr. Godwin was never a resident in the Brook Farm community, but was one of the young men who ardently supported it from without, and was made the editor of its paper, "The Harbinger," when that was removed to New York. His first volume also was "A Popular View of the Doctrines of Charles Fourier," which championed many of the collectivist ideas of Fourier. Of the brilliant group of people who were connected with the Brook Farm community, the leaders—George Ripley, William H. Channing, Margaret Fuller, and Theodore Parker—long since passed away. Of the younger men in the movement, who, as a rule, became equally distinguished in later life, Mr. George William Curtis died twelve years ago, and Mr. Charles A. Dana within the last decade. Mr. Dana, it will be recalled, became an arch-enemy of every socialistic idea long before his death; but Mr. Godwin, like Mr. Curtis and the rest, held to their old humanitarian ideals long after it was proven that a community interested only in philosophy could not make a practical success of farming. In the struggles for freedom of trade which brought idealists into the Democratic party during the middle years of the last century, Mr. Godwin bore a conspicuous part, and when, a little later, the question of slavery came into the front rank among American political issues, he was among the organizers of the Free Soil wing of the Democratic party and afterward of the new Republican party. His devotion to human freedom was so much stronger than his devotion to commercial freedom that his separation from the Democratic party at this period was an easy one; but when the slavery issue was settled by the results of the Civil War, and the reconstructionist policy gave the negro equal political rights, Mr. Godwin returned to the Democratic party and cordially supported it whenever the primary issues seemed to him to be freedom of trade and the international co-operation which would result from it. He succeeded Mr. Bryant as editor of the "Evening Post," and afterwards became the owner and editor of the "Commercial Advertiser." In his later years he devoted himself more distinctively to the writing of books and essays. His interest in public affairs, however, never flagged, nor his sympathy with the struggling classes. When the Federation of Labor took up the advocacy of the eight-hour day, the "Commercial Advertiser," under his guidance, was practically the only New York daily which warmly championed the movement. Very nearly to the time of his death he retained his old appearance of strength and vigor. One of his volumes of essays, "A New Study of Shakespeare's Sonnets," was published less than four years ago. Among his other works was an edition of William Cullen Bryant's complete works, with a life of Mr. Bryant, whose daughter was Mr. Godwin's wife.

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The New York State School System For some years the educational interests of New York State have suffered because they have been under a double-headed control, exercised, part of it, by the Board of Regents, part of it by the State Superintendent. The former body is provided for in the

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Constitution, and cannot be abolished by the Legislature. The tenure of its members is at present for life. The Board thus possesses age and experience, but lacks that infusion of new blood from time to time which is always necessary to the most efficient and skillful organization. It has control of the higher institutions of learning. The Superintendent of Education is elected by the Legislature for a relatively short term, and is almost necessarily, therefore, in so far a politician that he is, on the one hand, dependent upon politicians for support, and, on the other, is compelled to work in harmony with them and under temptation to use his patronage for party ends. The jurisdiction of these two, the Superintendent and the Board of Regents, overlaps, and has caused of recent years considerable confusion. Two plans are proposed for the purpose of avoiding this confusion in the future. The first is submitted by a committee of educational experts, with the approval of Superintendent Skinner. This plan proposes to reduce the Board of Regents by selecting nine from the present nineteen by lot, and to do away with the life tenure by having the length of their respective terms determined by lot, one for nine years, one for eight, and so on, after which one term would expire every year, and the vacancy would be filled by a new election. Under this system the majority of the Board could be changed only by five successive annual elections, a sufficient guarantee against sudden changes for political ends. The Board of Regents thus reorganized is to select a Commissioner of Education, answering to the present State Superintendent, who is to have general supervision of all educational interests, and it shall also have power to adopt such rules and regulations as are necessary to carry into effect the educational measures of the State Commissioner of Education, who shall serve during the pleasure of the reorganized Board. That Superintendent Skinner has no purpose in this plan to secure a permanent position for himself is evident from the fact that the plan further provides that neither the present State Superintendent nor any member of the present Board of Regents shall be eligible to the office of Commissioner of Education. Another plan is proposed by Governor Odell in his message, which provides for the continuance of the present double-headed arrangement, simply marking sharply the lines of demarcation between the two, leaving primary educational affairs in the charge of the State Superintendent, and academic educational affairs in the charge of the Board of Regents.

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The Right Plan In every way the first of these plans is the better. It would take the State Superintendent of Education out of politics. It would intrust the educational interests of the State to a body of educational experts, which the Legislature is not and cannot be. It would infuse into the Board new life from time to time, but without sudden revolutionary changes. There are only two arguments alleged against it. The first is that it cannot be carried in the Legislature, that the party leaders will not surrender to the Regents the election of the Superintendent or Commissioner of Education, and that, therefore, no genuine unification of the educational interests of the State can be brought about at the present time. This is pure assumption, for which as yet there is no evidence. It exaggerates the power of political interests, and underestimates the power of public opinion. The plan is supported by six college presidents, including those of Columbia, Cornell, Union, and Rochester Universities, and many of the School Superintendents. If the Board of Regents and their friends would give to it their hearty support, it would also enlist the support of the press of the State, and could probably be carried through the Legislature, in spite of apathy or even hostility in certain influential quarters. The other objection alleged against this plan is that it is unconstitutional, because it would legislate out of office ten members of the Board. But there is nothing in such legislation inconsistent with the terms of the Constitution, which only provides that the Board of Regents shall consist of not less than nine members. We do not think that the courts have ever held

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that an office is a private and a personal perquisite in such a sense that the Legislature cannot abolish the office or reduce the number of those jointly occupying it. Every consideration derived from the well-being of the State appears to us to demand the substantial adoption by the Legislature of what is called the Skinner plan, and we hope to see the press of the State, irrespective of party or locality, unite in urging this plan upon the Legislature at the present session.

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Theaters as Fire-Traps

The coroner's investigation of the circumstances connected with the terrible loss of life at the Iroquois Theater disaster in Chicago has already established the fact that the danger to the audience through lack of proper precaution and through improper construction was greater even than was first supposed. Exit doors were locked and barred. One particular locked door cut off the escape of hundreds; ventilators over the roof of the stage, which are required by law to prevent a direct draft carrying the flames into the auditorium, were nailed down and evidently had not been operated even experimentally. Exits were not marked; there was no fire-alarm box on the premises; there were four standpipes in the building, but only fifty feet of hose. When an attempt was made to lower the asbestos curtain, the regular act curtain also was lowered. The first caught fast near the top. The latter fell and immediately burst into flames and scattered the fire into the auditorium. The investigation as we write is incomplete, but such evidence as that already recorded is conclusive as to the criminal negligence of those responsible. It has become more and more evident that this new theater was put into use before it was anything like ready, while work was still proceeding on it, and without anything like adequate inspection. It is not for the press to forestall the judgment of the authorities or to suggest what that judgment should be, but if the public is to have any kind of protection, permanent and satisfactory methods must be employed for inspecting all theaters, and the law must be enforced systematically rather than sporadically, and without exception or lack of continuous rigor. City authorities all over the country are just now enforcing the laws, and in several cities theaters have been closed because the law has not been complied with. It is to be hoped that this activity will not be sporadic but continuous. In New York there have been reports indicating that the law was fairly well complied with, but it is thought that it is inadequate in certain cases. Mayor McClellan has procured reports of the fifty-nine places of amusement in the city, and has required the theater managers to call on him and receive his instructions as to the safeguarding of their halls. In connection with this subject it may be pointed out that not alone theaters in great cities should be watched, but that attention should be given to the small halls to be found in towns and villages everywhere and also to some extent in the cities. While these halls do not hold large audiences, they are in many cases frightfully neglected as to inspection, and not infrequently are nothing more or less than death-traps.

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Soldier and Gentleman

When General John Brown Gordon, who died at Boynton, Florida, on Saturday evening last, was inaugurated Governor of Georgia for the second time, the writer of these lines happened to be in the capital, and by invitation of General Gordon attended the exercises. The little procession from the Governor's room came up the hall and paused at the doors of the Assembly Chamber, which the usher or marshal of the day threw open and, standing at the end of the gallery, with great impressiveness said: "Gentlemen of the Legislature, the Governor elect, the gallant John B. Gordon." This introduction, so characteristic of the section, was the best possible characterization of General Gordon's spirit and life. He was conspicuous for that quality of gallantry, so often credited to Southern men and so often deserved, but sometimes the expression of a conventional tribute rather than the recognition of the real quality. The grandson of a Revolutionary soldier,

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born in Georgia, educated at the University of Georgia, studying law in his own State and entering upon its practice in Atlanta, General Gordon was engaged in coal-mining when the war broke out. He promptly organized a company of miners and farmers called the "Raccoon Roughs." He soon became major and rose to the command of the regiment; had many narrow escapes at Seven Pines, for he at once displayed conspicuous daring and dashing qualities of leadership; was made Brigadier-General; severely wounded at Sharpsburg at the head of the Georgia brigade; took part in the fighting about Chancellorsville, and in the decisive battle of Gettysburg, where he bore himself with conspicuous bravery and of which he has written one of the best accounts that our literature is likely to possess. In 1864 he had become a Major-General. He drove back the Union forces at Spottsylvania, led a daring charge at Cedar Creek, and in the final conflict which ended at Appomattox he commanded a wing of the Virginia army, with the rank of Lieutenant-General. He had risen in a brief four years to the highest position in the Confederate army below that of General-in-Chief; he bore the scars of eight wounds received in battle, and he had made a reputation for undaunted courage and for brilliant personal qualities.

At the close of the war, like the brave, true man that he was, he buried every particle of animosity. Henceforth for him the sections did not exist. He loved the South and was loyal to its interests and its spirit, but he rose completely above the plane of sectional feeling. He was one of the most eloquent and persuasive advocates of reconciliation between the sections. He resumed the practice of his profession, declining to accept the nomination for Governor, but in 1871 he was elected to the United States Senate, re-elected, and resigned in 1880 to embark in railroad enterprises. In 1886 he was elected Governor of Georgia, served for two terms, returned in 1890 to the United States Senate, and at the expiration of his term returned to private life. During the last fifteen years he had acquired a National reputation and popularity on the lecture platform; his frankness, humor, courtesy, and the charm of his personality winning all audiences and making friends for him in every quarter. He was perfectly frank, but he was also perfectly friendly.

No man, probably, has done more to heal the wounds of old antagonisms and to destroy ancient prejudices than General Gordon.

His "Reminiscences of the Civil War," which appeared during the past autumn with the imprint of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, is not only one of the most important contributions yet made to the literature of a great period, but one of the most fascinating and charming books that has come from the hand of an American man of action. As one of the ablest of General Lee's lieutenants, casting in his fortunes with the Confederacy at the beginning of the war and fighting continuously until the surrender at Appomattox, General Gordon had a right to speak as had few men who have talked about the Civil War. His book is one of the most interesting personal narratives and one of the most vivid and picturesque accounts of the war that has been written, but it is also a beautiful "human document." Nowhere else can there be found so clear, so frank, and so intelligible an interpretation of the Southern position. In its recognition of the courage of the North and the South, of the equal sincerity of both sections, of the kindred qualities of self-denial displayed by both armies, and in its frank statement of the weaknesses, the passions, and the misconceptions of both sections, this book will hold a place of its own. It ought to be read everywhere as an example of the way in which a great story, full of the passion of tragedy, can be told without a touch of partisanship or a trace of old antagonisms. General Gordon's "Reminiscences of the Civil War" is a monument to his memory more beautiful than any that will be built by those who loved and honored him, a tribute more eloquent than any that can ever be paid by those who knew him best.

Men of such courage, nobility, and charm are rare in any country and at any time; for General Gordon was not

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only a man of honesty, he was also a man of honor; one whose essential integrity was touched with a passion for the finest and the best; a chivalrous gentleman in the old sense of the term. Never sheathing his sword in time of war; in time of peace burying every animosity and holding out the right hand to every man; a man born to honor and idealize woman, as every chivalrous man is; a charming companion, one of the best story-tellers of his time, eloquent of speech, instinctively choosing the side of integrity in all public matters, General Gordon leaves behind him a memory which will enrich the best traditions of American character.

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Three Possible Courses

Whatever may have been the right or the wrong of our National action at the Isthmus, Panama is now an independent republic, recognized as such by substantially all the world powers. Shall we make a treaty with Panama for the construction of an interoceanic canal through her territory? If not, what shall we do? The Outlook has been looking with interest to see what alternative plan or plans those who are opposed to the ratification of the proposed treaty have to suggest. So far as we have seen, no one, either in Congress or out of Congress, has had any alternative to suggest, until last Friday, when the New York "Evening Post" offered for the consideration of the Nation three possible courses, as follows:

> It is absurd to say that Congress may not yet adopt any one of several alternative courses. It might direct the President to build the canal at Nicaragua, and he would have to obey. It might request him to withdraw the pending treaty and negotiate one less objectionable in both manner and substance. It might vote to postpone the whole project for a year, and meanwhile refuse to appropriate the money for troops on the Isthmus.

Here is a definite plan, or rather three definite plans to choose from.

I. Congress "might direct the President to build the canal at Nicaragua, and he would have to obey." True. That is, Congress may abandon the route which substantially all the experts declare to be the most feasible, economical, and advantageous, and where a considerable work has already been done, and take up a route which the experts all agree would be more expensive and less advantageous, and which some of them regard as of at least doubtful practicability. That is the first proposition.

II. "It might request him to withdraw the pending treaty and negotiate one less objectionable in both manner and substance." It might. But its "request" would have no more legal effect than a similar request coming from a mass-meeting composed of any other body of citizens. Congress has nothing to do with the negotiating of treaties or the suggestion of them. The Senate can reject the proposed treaty or amend it, and we judge from newspaper reports that it is considering without prejudice amendments seriously proposed for the purpose of improving it. But any attempt by the House of Representatives to intervene by request in the treaty-making powers of the Government would probably receive scant attention from the Executive, and would certainly be resented by the Senate.

III. "It might vote to postpone the whole project for a year, and meanwhile refuse to appropriate the money for troops in the Isthmus." That is, it might refuse to appropriate the money necessary to enable the Executive to fulfill our National obligations. For indirectly by our attitude toward the rest of the civilized world for half a century, directly by our negotiations with the owners of the Panama Canal property, and still more directly by our treaty with New Granada, we are under obligation to protect the transit across the Isthmus from all interference. A refusal to appropriate the money necessary to enable the President to furnish such protection would be a refusal to fulfill this triple obligation. But if it is to be fulfilled at all, the manner of fulfilling it is necessarily left to the President, for that is an executive, not a legislative, function. It is the duty of the commander-in-chief of the army and navy to determine how the military forces of the United States shall be employed,

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whenever that employment becomes necessary to enforce Federal laws or fulfill Federal obligations. By refusing appropriations Congress can prevent the Nation from fulfilling its obligations; but if they are fulfilled, Congress cannot direct the military steps to be taken in order to fulfill them.

We do not believe that any Senator or Representative would be willing to stand in Congress as sponsor for either of these propositions, except that possibly Senator Morgan might be willing to be sponsor for the first.

No Backward Step

The difference of opinion between the Board of Estimate and Apportionment in New York City and the Board of Education in regard to the amount of money to be spent in support of the school system in Greater New York for the coming year has attracted wide attention, and will be a matter of prime importance if it results in any diminution of the efficiency of the public schools or any contraction of their work. There has been a good deal of rather unnecessary sharp talking on both sides. The fact seems to be that there has been a lack of clear understanding between the two bodies and that the divergence of view is due rather to a misapprehension than to any real difference in regard to the importance of the work of the Board of Education.

Under the administration of Mayor Low the schools were more generously cared for and their interests more carefully guarded than under any other administration in the history of the city. During the two years of Mr. Low's service as Mayor, more than $40,000,000 were appropriated for the running expenses of the schools, and more than $18,000,000 were expended for new buildings; a record quite unprecedented in the history of New York and probably in the history of any other city. The expense of conducting the school system has steadily and naturally increased, as it ought to and must increase, and the demands of the Board have been as steadily acknowledged and provided for. In 1902 the total increase in appropriations was $710,000; in 1903, $840,000; and in 1904, $850,000. One point of misapprehension appears to be with regard to the returns from the three-mill rate of taxation which was adopted on Mayor Low's recommendation in place of the four-mill rate. It is claimed that this reduction in the rate of taxation was too drastic and has cut into the resources of the Department, and it has been suggested that the rate should be increased to 3½ mills. The notable increase of revenue which has been secured on the reduction to the three-mill rate by the new valuation adopted under Mayor Low's administration seems to have been overlooked. In 1903 the four-mill rate produced $15,428,190.87; in 1904 the three-mill rate will yield $16,287,196.75—an increase of almost $870,000. The average annual increase in taxation values in Greater New York is about $150,000,000. On the old basis this increase would have been assessed at $100,000,000, and the four-mill rate would have produced about $400,000. On the new valuation this increase would be assessed at $150,000,000, and the three-mill rate would produce about $450,000. It seems clear, therefore, that the change in the method of assessment and in the mill rate has worked rather to the advantage of the schools than to their disadvantage. This point ought to be made clear as a matter of justice to Mayor Low, whose interest in the schools has been from the first pronounced, intelligent, and efficient.

The difficulty of the situation has been created by the fact that for the current year the Board of Education asked the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to appropriate $23,260,472.30, an increase over 1903 of about $2,950,000, basing its claim for this large increase on the great expansion which had taken place in every department of the school system and the certainty of the continued increase during the present year. The Board of Estimate and Apportionment did not accede to the full request of the Board of Education by an amount equal to about ten per cent. of the total demand; it granted an increase of $850,000, but it reduced the

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amount asked by something more than $2,000,000. A special committee appointed by the Board of Education, which met on December 19 to consider the situation, has prepared a careful report embodying the views of Superintendent Maxwell. It is the opinion of the Superintendent and of the Committee that an additional number of teachers must be appointed during the present year in the elementary, high, and training schools, in order to care for the largely increased attendance in those schools; that the recreation centers, the vacation schools and playgrounds must be discontinued unless additional funds can be obtained by an appeal to the city administration or to the Legislature. The work accomplished by these various instrumentalities now carried on under the direction of the Board of Education is indicated by the fact that the average daily attendance in Manhattan at recreation centers during the past year has been 5,180, an increase of about 100 per cent. on the previous year; at the vacation playgrounds the average daily attendance in Manhattan during the past year has been 53,565, an increase of nearly 12,000 over the previous year; the attendance of the vacation schools in Manhattan during the past year was 10,138, an increase of 2,807. During the past year there has also been marked increase in attendance at the evening elementary and high schools. The increase in Brooklyn in these various departments is fully as notable as that in New York. In Manhattan during the past year nearly 5,000 students have been in attendance on the evening high schools, and on the evening elementary schools nearly 30,000. In view of these facts, the Committee of the Board of Education urge that an appeal shall be made to the Board of Aldermen for a grant of the amount required to meet the deficiencies which the Department now faces in its running expenses for the present year. The Committee also believes that an appeal should be made to the Legislature for an increase of the statutory allowance, applicable to the General School Fund, from three mills to three and one-half mills.

These suggestions of the Board of Education raise a question of the first importance, and one in which every New Yorker must take a profound interest. There is no city in the world in which popular education is more necessary than the metropolis, fed as it is by great streams of foreign immigration, and made up so largely of a foreign-born population. There are many school districts in the city in which a child who speaks the English language with ease is very rare. On the East Side, where there is a school population as large as that of a second or third class city, the vast majority of the children who go to our schools are foreign-born. This means that they need immediate and thorough elementary education if they are to become even safe citizens. The proposal, therefore, to discontinue at the close of the present month many of the recreation centers, the vacation schools and playgrounds for the year, if carried out, not only would greatly reduce the working area of the School Board, but would strike at the very best interests of education. Whatever may be the outcome of the present situation, one thing may be laid down as fundamental: there must be no diminution either of the area over which the Board of Education is working or of the efficiency of its work. If there must be economy in the city finances, that economy must not be effected at the expense either of our children or our charities. The work of the Board of Education ought to be enlarged instead of being contracted, and there could not be a more irrational economy than that which might be secured by any cutting off of those influences which are working on the fundamental problem of good citizenship in New York.

The Board of Education must find some other way. The closing of vacation schools and recreation centers and the abolition of the playgrounds is not a way out of the present situation. Across any such exit the public of New York will write, "No thoroughfare." What ought to be done is not at the moment easy to say. New York is fortunate in having in Dr. Maxwell, the Superintendent, a man of absolute integrity,

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whom it implicitly trusts, of expert professional knowledge and great working power. Some charges of extravagance have been made against the management of the Board of Education, and it is possible that some money may be saved in some directions, but the present question is, "How shall the immediate situation be dealt with?" There is no doubt about ex-Mayor Low's deep and solicitous interest for the welfare of the schools. The good faith of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment in their reduction cannot be questioned, nor can the zeal and devotion of the Board of Education be questioned. Under these circumstances the miscalculation which has probably been made, the misunderstanding which has certainly developed between these two bodies, ought to be remedied by conference. There are, it is believed, various ways in which the situation can be relieved without appealing to the Legislature. Those ways ought to be tried. If they fail, then appeal ought to be made to the Legislature. But, in the meantime, any idea of closing a single school door or locking the gates of a single playground ought to be dismissed.

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The Religion of "Parsifal"

"Parsifal" perhaps better than any other one of Wagner's operas illustrates his fundamental conception of the musical drama in which the arts of painting, poetry, acting, and music combine in the expression and interpretation of human life. "Parsifal" interprets the most passionate and the profoundest life of the human soul, the life of religious experience. It is not didactic, nor homiletic; it teaches no theology and preaches no sermon; but it interprets through painting, poetry, acting, and music the religious life of humanity. It may be not inaptly called an allegory. An allegory is defined by the Century Dictionary as "a figurative treatment of a subject not expressly mentioned, under the guise of another having analogous properties or circumstances." "Parsifal" is a dramatic portrayal of religious truth and life; they are not expressly mentioned, but they are vividly represented by scenic symbolism, dramatic action, and vocal and instrumental music. What is it that is thus portrayed? What is the religion of "Parsifal"?

The Holy Grail, the cup of the first Lord's Supper, emblem of that communion with God in which the right and true soul ever "findeth strength anew," and the Sacred Spear by which the wound was made in the Saviour's side, and by which alone can the wounds made in the heart of humanity be healed, are both in the castle of Montsalvat, that is, the Mount of Salvation. Near by dwells Klingsor, spirit of evil, master of magic. He has sought admission to the holy mountain and been refused, and in his wrath has registered a vow to gain possession of both the Holy Grail and the Sacred Spear. He has, to aid him in his purpose, Kundry, a beautiful woman, whose tender sympathies represent the better side of human nature, but who has fallen under the dominion of the spirit of evil, and is compelled, despite the resistance of her noble impulses, to do his evil will. Amfortas, son of the King of Montsalvat, has gone forth armed with a knightly purpose to do battle with Klingsor, has been seduced from his purpose by Kundry's enticements, the Sacred Spear has been taken from him, and with it Klingsor has inflicted upon him a wound in the side which can never be healed but by the same spear in the hands of a "guileless one." In vain does Kundry, tortured by remorse, strive to give relief to him whom by her enticements she has brought to a living death; until she is herself redeemed from the power of the evil one she cannot succor another. At this juncture Parsifal appears, a youth, innocent because ignorant. He neither understands the sin in the simplest act of cruelty, nor the sacredness in the supremest hour of divine companionship. In mere careless wantonness he shoots one of the sacred swans of Montsalvat, nor sees the evil of the deed until it is explained to him; then he breaks his bow and arrow in pieces and flings them away in disgust. He is conducted to the hall of Montsalvat, hears the knights

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below and the boys in the dome above chanting antiphonally a hymn of praise, sees the Holy Grail uncovered and a holy light streaming down upon it from heaven and illumining it, and the knights gathered about it joining in the Sacred Supper of bread and wine, but understands nothing of the holy meaning in the scene, and is driven out by the irate knight as a "guileless fool" whom it were hopeless to endeavor to enlighten. And yet already enlightenment has begun through his pity for the sufferings of another. He has learned from it that Amfortas can be cured only by the spear by which he was wounded, that

"Naught can avail, but only one sure thing,
The healing touch of that thrice-sacred Spear,"

and, with heroic though childish resolve, he starts in quest of this Spear. He comes to the boundaries of Klingsor's domains, scatters the esquires who resist his approach, and scales the castle walls to find himself in a magic garden, surrounded by maidens. The wondrous beauty of the scene attracts him. With song and dance and bewitching invitations, they endeavor to stay him from the fulfillment of his mission. Puzzled, perplexed, but hardly tempted, so soon as he really comprehends their invitation he rejects it, and, spurned by him, they retire with mocking laughter. Then Kundry appears upon the scene. She joins sympathetically in Parsifal's condemnation of these "wondrous evil things." "Surely," she says, "thou seest I am not as these." Then she recalls to him his childhood, and his mother and "her sweet kisses on thy loving lips," and tells him that, heart-broken at his absence, this "dear mother, gentle Heartsrue," died. Then, when he falls fainting at Kundry's feet, she proffers him caressing comfort for the wounds she herself has inflicted, and prints upon his lips a loving, lingering kiss. Her subtler charm of womanly sympathy awakens in his soul

"The awful madness of tormenting love."

It is at this moment that, without yielding to temptation, he feels, as if by personal experience, the power of Amfortas's sin. But the memory of the Holy Grail and of Amfortas's words, "whom I must redeem," recalls him to his mission. He will no more abandon it for the love of Kundry than for the sensual charms of the flower maidens, and in the reassertion of that resolve she is revealed to him as the "destroyer of men's souls." One more effort she makes to divert him from his purpose. She tells the story of her sin and her remorse, and pleads her need of him.

"Be pitiful and be a Saviour to me,"

she cries. No! not even this last and supremest plea of a sorrowing woman's need to a man's chivalric pity can divert him from his high and holy resolve. Then, angered by his refusal, she curses him, and in her cursing calls on Klingsor to come and make him captive; and Klingsor, coming at her call, seeks to thrust Parsifal through with the Sacred Spear; but though invincible against evil, it is powerless against victorious virtue; it hangs suspended in midair; Parsifal seizes it, and with it makes the sign of the cross; and instantly the magic castle and the magic garden wither

"into desert waste
Strewn with flowers, faded, desolate."

Armed with the Sacred Spear, Parsifal goes forth, but to use it

"For healing wounds, not making them."

At length, after long wanderings,

"Through many failures and through countless woes,"

he finds his way again to Montsalvat, Mountain of Salvation. The spirit of evil has perished with his magic castle. Kundry, redeemed by Parsifal's refusal to yield to her seductions, has one wish left, and only one—the wish to serve; one joy, and only one—the joy of serving. At the touch of the Sacred Spear in the hands of the "guileless one," the wound in the side of Amfortas is healed.

"Body and soul are cleansed by God's free grace,"

and he is restored to hope and life. And so the story ends—Amfortas succored from his wound and Kundry delivered from her captivity, and brought "within the service and within the glory of the Holy Grail."

"Parsifal" may be regarded as a

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scenic drama, in which all that modern dramatic art can do is done with wonderful mechanic artifice and artistic skill to entrance the eye and quicken the pulse of wonder. It may be regarded as a musical drama, in which the greatest master of the music of human passion employs all the resources of his art to interpret the deepest emotions of the souls of men. It may be regarded as a literary drama, in which the treasure-house of ancient legend has been ransacked by one enthusiastically familiar with its contents, and from its lore woven a new story, ancient in its literary pattern, mediæval in its spirit, but universal in its expression of human life. It may be regarded as a religious drama, in which scenic symbolism, vocal and orchestral music, and ancient story are made a vehicle for the expression of a truth of life as old as humanity and as perpetually new. That drama The Outlook has heretofore spoken of as a work of art; here we seek to embody in a paragraph its religious significance, only reminding the reader that the truth which is of necessity here expressed in intellectual terms is in the drama interpreted as a deep, passionate life.

Innocence is powerless; only virtue is strong. And the innocence of childhood can be transformed into the manhood of virtue only by victorious struggle with temptation. When a man is thus transformed by the power of resisted temptation from guileless innocence into victorious virtue, all the strength and all the seductive beauty of the evil one shrivel into nothingness before him; the temptation, instead of dragging his soul down, lifts him into the place where he can bear the sins of others; the experience of sin resisted inspires in him the desire to cure the sin of others as if it were his own; the very forces which were potent in the hands of evil for harm and death become in his hands forces for healing, health, and life; humanity, tempted struggling, doing the things it would not do and abhorring the things it does, is rescued from its hateful captivity; the wound that evil has inflicted in the heart of suffering humanity is healed; through the service and the suffering of enduring love "body and soul are cleansed by God's free grace," and the door to divine communion, long closed to the children of men, is reopened to them: such is the religion of Parsifal, presented with great beauty of form and color and scenic symbolism and interpretative music—an allegory in action.

❀

The Spectator

The Spectator fears that he is falling behind the times. Of old he was wont to pride himself upon his sympathy with all out-of-doors. But the new Nature-cult is beyond him. Never to have met a fox face to face—never, that is, outside the bars of the Park Zoo; to boast no speaking acquaintance with hoot-owl, coyote, or laughing loon; to know, in fact, more of books than of beasts, and more of the way of the world than of the secrets of the wild—is not this to argue one's self far from Nature's heart? Yet such is the Spectator's pitiable plight. Some feeble attempts he has made to right himself, rising in the chill dawn to sneak about after cheeping birds with opera-glass and kodak, or trying to worm himself into the affections of elusive silver squirrels. But to no purpose. When the fancy seized them, his furred and feathered friends took French leave, and the Spectator went home without a vestige of clue to their finer feelings or their little philosophies of life.

❀

It is with peculiar satisfaction, therefore, that the Spectator sits down to write these paragraphs upon a new approach to the study of bird character. The plan is not of his own invention, but a gleaning from the experience of an unliterary friend. None the less it leads to bird knowledge so intimate as to challenge comparison with the discoveries of Thompson Seton or William J. Long. And its findings are not, like theirs, open to discussion, but demonstrable before a court of law. It may be as well to state without further circumlocution that the Spectator has made the acquaintance of that amiable gastrologist known in Washington as the Bird-Stomach Man. It was in a little tucked-up

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office in the Department of Agriculture that the Spectator discovered him, surrounded by all the unsentimental paraphernalia of his craft. Bottles, unnumbered bottles, glittered upon the shelves which lined the walls. And in each there floated a little gray bag, something like a sea-cucumber—the worshipful stomach of a bird.

❀

That Romance could hover over such grim trophies as these the Spectator was loth to believe. Yet a half-hour's chat with the Bird-Stomach Man convinced him that poetry lurks between forceps and scalpel, and that the true nobility of bird-nature is not visible to the naked eye. The evil that a bird does, and for that matter the good too, he does with his busy little bill. If his taste runs to grasshoppers and noxious worms, he is a good birdling and worthy of all encouragement; if to sprouting corn, or cherries, or honey-bees perchance, he is a bold thief and a bad. To settle his character, no way is so sure as to investigate the tell-tale contents of his crop. But while the Bird-Stomach Man, in the interests of the United States Department of Agriculture, is thus surgically employed, his heart is wholly with the winged proprietors of the stomachs. The Spectator has met bird-lovers in his day. Your ornithologist loves birds, but he loves them to classify them, and mount them on perches, and collect their dainty eggs. Your Thompson Seton loves birds, but he loves them to sentimentalize over them and make copy of them. Now, the Bird-Stomach Man is a practical friend. He believes in his client's inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. He aims to throw the strong arm of the law between all birdkind and the farmer's vengeful gun.

❀

That his task is a delicate one the Spectator soon had occasion to observe. The expert spread before him a vast assortment of strange objects, among which he recognized tiny bones, insects' wings, the glittering wing-covers of beetles, seeds galore, and small stones. Among the pebbles were pretty little disks from the stems of fossil crinoids, and four little nuggets of gold! Selecting a minute bone, the naturalist declared it to come from the fore foot of a frog, remarking that in his business it was necessary to know the skeletons of every fish, frog, reptile, or mammal ever preyed upon by the great hawks and owls. As for insects, the minutest part of their anatomy is of vital importance to the nice work of identification. The veining of a crumpled, gauzy wing may determine whether the insect owner was friend or foe to agriculture, and so the virtue or culpability of the bird that devoured him. As for caterpillars and grubs, all that is left of them when they come to the hands of the Bird-Stomach Man is their little hard mouth-parts. By their mandibles alone he knows them. Among dozens of scraps upon a card before him the naturalist indicated the jaws of the ant, the grasshopper, and the cutworm, the gleaming eyes of a spider, and the "clicker" of a click-beetle.

❀

By this time the Spectator's eyes were open to their widest. But the naturalist was by no means at the end of his rope. "Incidentally," he remarked, "this office acquaints itself with the look of every seed ever swallowed by a bird. Properly speaking, that is the province of the botanist. But it's amazing how little they know about seeds. You can confound the best of them with weed-seeds. Yet the identification of weed-seed is of prime importance, for no argument tells better with the farmers than that birds help to rid their fields of weeds. Why, we estimate that the tree-sparrows devour over a million and a half pounds of weed-seed yearly in Iowa alone."

❀

Before the Spectator could catch his breath he found himself contemplating a series of minute specks. "These," the naturalist was saying, proudly, "are our problems. Those little black, club-shaped bodies have been officially repudiated by every branch of the service in turn, kicked out of all the kingdoms of matter. But one day, in dissecting a poison-ivy berry, we ran upon some

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bits of bitumen like these. The bird had eaten poison ivy." The Spectator had been puzzling for some moments over some tiny brown objects the shape of a baby's ear. He inquired what they might be. The Bird-Stomach Man explained that those brown specks had once "stumped" the Department of Agriculture, Biological Survey, Division of Ornithology. Nobody could conceive where they came from. One day an assistant found them gracing the knee-caps of a fat grasshopper. Enigma three, a shining, concave pocket, big enough for a rain-drop, turned out to be the nursery-wall of the grub at the heart of a gall-nut. The bird had swallowed grub, nest, and all. Such findings as these lead the scientists of the Division of Ornithology to keep their eyes open when afield. "The world is so full of a number of things," and there is no knowing what a bird may swallow next.

❀

The microscope showed the Spectator yet stranger things. He saw how, after many years, you can identify partly assimilated fruit or grains by the varied epidermis cells, or the peculiarity of the starch-grains; how you can tell what species of butterfly or moth has gone to make a long-dead birdling's holiday by the character of the toothed wing-scales, which are all that remains of the insect; and how you know the earthworm, when no apparent trace of him remains, by certain amber-colored, S-shaped spicules which are the earthworm's hall-mark. Verily, inscrutable are the ways of the scientist!

❀

The Spectator was shocked to hear what unpoetic things the daintiest of song birds will eat. The cuckoo, for instance, dines largely upon the nauseous, thorny caterpillars of the Io moth, getting his interior stuck full of stinging spines. The Spectator saw a cuckoo's stomach turned inside out, and it was set so thick with spines that it looked like a little fur wallet. He saw the hand of an assistant in the laboratory swollen by accidental contact with a poison-ivy berry in a bird-crop he was investigating. Yet that bird died of a gunshot wound. They tell of a bird which was offered a beetle so hot as to its juices as to blister the hand that crushed it. Birdie gobbled down the fiery insect, and then stood with his mouth stretched open, swaying about in agony, while the gobbled beetle took its revenge inside. The department assembled to close the rash bird's eyes. But he got over it, though he never accepted that particular sort of beetle again.

❀

These were the side-shows of the laboratory. The main exhibit was bird-virtue on a pedestal. The Spectator heard so much of the industry and self-sacrifice masquerading under feathers that he has since been almost ashamed to look a chickadee in the face. The gastrologist expatiated upon the tons of weed-seed, the myriads of devouring worms, of which birds annually rid the earth. As for their sins, for fourteen years the gastrologist has been at work; he has examined the internal evidence against more than thirty-four thousand birds; and of all that host he finds scarce one which is not more good than bad. One-half the charges are pure libel. As for proved peccadilloes, they are heavily overbalanced by good deeds. In spring Jim Crow pulls up your sprouting corn; but when the cutworm comes, his death-dealing bill repays the theft a thousandfold. The cherry-stealers only take fair toll of the fruit they saved by early worm-hunts among the blossoms. The Spectator was moved almost to tears at hearing of the noble feats of birds in the face of a plague of insects. Even birds of strictly vegetarian principles fall to upon the invaders, eating from morn to dewy eve. It is recorded of one robin that he sacrificed himself to the extent of one hundred and sixty-five worms in a single day! If this be not touching enough, hear the tale of a plague of grasshoppers, how birds both small and great taxed themselves to the bursting point to keep down the invasion, and even the least among the humming-birds slew and ate a pair of monstrous hoppers all himself. The Spectator blushes that he ever owned a shotgun.

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Russia and Japan Face to Face

From a Staff Correspondent at Washington

Conversations with a dozen diplomats in Washington, representing every grade in the service, have elicited the following statements concerning the Russo-Japanese conflict.

The Russian Side

"America is sadly in need of information about the Russian Government and the Russian people," justly says a particularly well-informed diplomat. "Take the statement repeatedly made, for instance, that the Czar has given a free hand to Admiral Alexiev, the Governor of the Amur provinces, in dealing with the Russo-Japanese situation. Doubtless the Admiral does enjoy the special privileges of his position, but only one person in Russia has a free hand - the Czar. He is supreme, and he is for peace. If you could better understand his real purpose—the upholding of peace throughout the world—you would not misjudge Russia."

The Czar

"You have but to look at the face of Nicholas II.," says another authority on Russia, "and be convinced that a man more inclined to the peaceful settlement of every dispute never lived; the Czar is indeed the 'Little Father' in holding back those of his subjects who might without him go too far." Still another official, well accustomed to the manner of Russian governmental operations at home and abroad, added, "Why, if the entire Council of Ministers were bent on war and the Czar not, the entire Council would have to walk out of the door and be dismissed, but the Czar would have his way. His army is a guarantee of peace and not a menace of war. We claim with justice that our mighty borders compel us to keep 1,100,000 men under arms in active service, while, should war break out, we are ready quickly to mobilize an army of several millions more if necessary. Even these forces are far from being as large proportionally to territory as are those of the Japanese army. Furthermore, we have given proofs of our desire to maintain peace with all men. During the present reign, as during others, opportunities have occurred where we might have been justified in making war, but we have refrained. Let me remind you, too, that it was the Czar and no other ruler who instituted the Hague Peace Tribunal.

Peace

"Why should Americans be pro-Japanese?" he then inquired. "You want peace. We want peace. The Japanese people do not want peace. They are urging their Government more and more towards war." According to some Russian observers the Japanese are a self-conscious, "vain, bumptious little yellow people," and are in no need of being reminded by America of their strength; in the interests of the world's peace, America should rather refrain from applauding the Japanese. "You are pre-eminently a commercial people. As such you will seek peace," say they. "Yet you also think that you are showing some appreciation of the chivalrous in backing up little Japan against Russia. You call it a case of David *versus* Goliath. Yes, but, after all, you are backing the disturber of peace against the conserver of peace. A nation of 140,000,000 people and nearly 9,000,000 square miles does not go lightly to war, yet at the same time it must preserve its reasonable interests."

Manchuria

With the spread of the Russian wave eastward across Siberia, the necessity of Russian access to the Pacific was increasingly emphasized. It was first realized in 1850, when, at Count Muraviev's instance, the Russian flag was planted on Chinese territory at the mouth of the Amur River. By the treaty of 1858 China relinquished the entire northern bank of the Amur and also a strip of coast territory as far south as a port which the Russians renamed Vladivostok, or "the Dominator of the East." When the Trans-Siberian railway across Siberia and down to Vladivostok was planned, it was intended to

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lie wholly within Russian territory; but it was seen that a much shorter line could be built through Manchuria. Hence Count Cassini, then Russian Minister to China, made a compact with that country by which nearly a thousand miles of railway should be constructed across Manchuria. Now that vast province has always been a somewhat disturbed region, and since the Boxer Rebellion more so than ever. It was found necessary that Russian guards should be maintained along the railways to the east and south to Port Arthur, and that Russian methods of sanitation and civilization should be introduced, "much as America will have to act along the Panama Canal route," as a Russian diplomat cleverly added. "Russian influence has grown in Manchuria as everywhere in Asia, and this," said he, "has been for the benefit of the whole world in general and of America in particular. Certainly American railway builders and equippers have no reason to complain!"

Korea

While it is presumable that in Manchuria the claims of the Japanese can be satisfactorily adjusted, when the Russian wave moves on across the Korean border, the case, as every Russian admits, is different. Two spheres of influence have definitely overlapped. The question is, Which will remain permanently? "The Russian," is the reply, because Russia insists upon a Russian control of the interests which she has acquired in Korea, and also of those interests which are being acquired in the course of the natural development of *contiguous territory*. Of course Japan can make no such claim, because her territory is not contiguous. "The Outlook has called Japan 'the England of the East,' said a distinguished Russian authority the other day. It is true that Japan and England are each insular empires, one occupying the same relative position to the Asiatic continent as the other does to the European. Now, an insular empire can permanently retain distant colonies, as England does, but never a mainland territory close at hand. Powerful as England is, she had finally to abandon Normandy. Even if we suppose that Japan should acquire the possession of Korea, she would never be able to hold it permanently, nor, in the Russian opinion, for any great length of time. Sooner or later the mainland power must absorb it, just as France reabsorbed Normandy."

The Open Door

As to the Japanese and American claim of open ports in Manchuria and Korea, the Russian reply is: "Are not the ports open now? Do you not know that we also need open ports there to secure a world's trade, and not for a few years only, but for a much longer time? Whatever our Government has pledged to the Japanese and American Governments it will faithfully perform, and of course this includes any pledges given to respect the open door. But let us at the same time call your attention to the fact that the request for river ports is peculiar. Both Japan and America have asked that Mukden be opened. Now, Mukden is a city on a small river at a long distance from the sea. There may be some reason in the foreign demand that Niuchuang should be continued as an open port, but there is none as regards Mukden. American trade and Japanese trade do not need the latter. What would you think if Russia were to demand the right to sail her ships up the Hudson River to Albany, or up the Mississippi River to St. Louis? Yet this is what has been done in China in the case of Hankau, hundreds of miles up the Yangtse from the sea, and it is what you now propose to do with Mukden in Manchuria, and with Wiju in Korea, both of them towns far from the coast. You would not dare to send your ships up the Neva past Petersburg into Lake Ladoga, nor up the Seine to Paris, but you do dare to pursue this policy with weak nations like China and Korea. If Japan and America would not treat a powerful nation like ours, for instance, in this way, we do not like to see them so treat two weak nations over which our influence happens to be great."

Historic Friendship

"The historic friendship which has existed between Russia and America, founded on Russia's aid in America's need forty years ago, should exist now more than ever, when Russia's name is clouded

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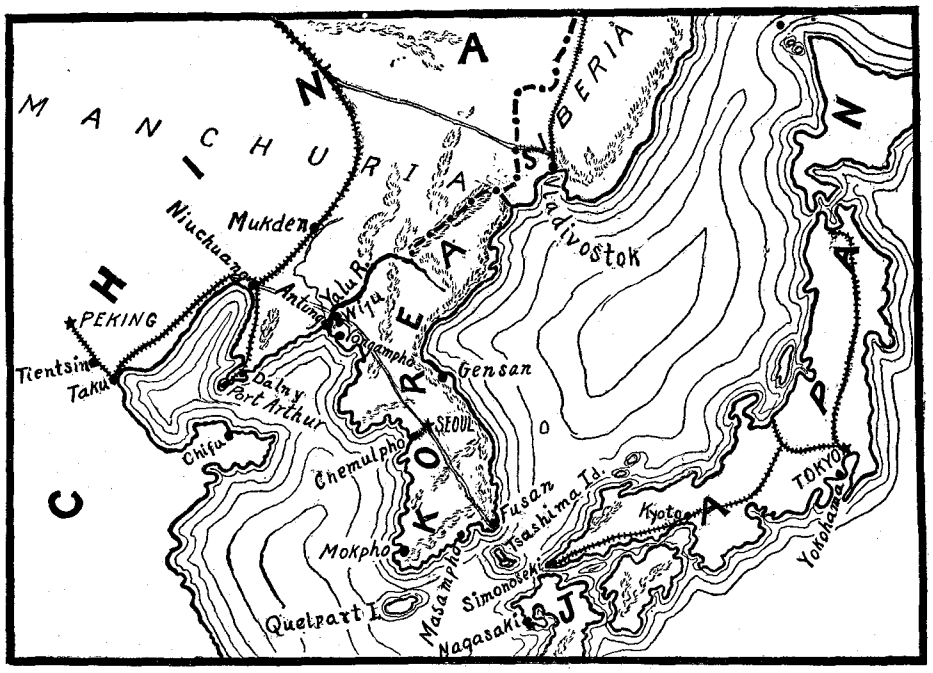

JAPAN, KOREA, AND MANCHURIA

by misrepresentations. At least Russia should count on American neutrality. But instead we find a marked pro-Japanese attitude on the part of some newspapers, an attitude, we hope, not that of the people at large"

The Japanese Side

Mr. Kokuro Takahira, Japanese Minister at Washington, said: "My country is not seeking territorial expansion. Nor has Japan ever had any intention of taking advantage of the misfortune of her neighbors in seeking mere territorial aggrandizement. The sincere desire of our Government and people is to have all the neighboring countries realize that mutual interest can best be promoted by the maintenance of peace, the promotion of commerce and industry, and the strengthening of ties of interdependence."

Territorial Expansion

With every Chinese war and insurrection there has been a Russian expansion of territory in Asia. In 1858, when China was busy with the Taiping Rebellion, Russia compelled a cession of all the Chinese territory north of the Amur River. In 1860, when Peking was besieged by the English and French, Russia occupied the Manchurian coast-line between the ocean and the Ussuri River. The events of more recent years are well known—the brutal hold-up of Japan in 1895 by Russia, backed by Germany and France, by which the possession of lower Manchuria, ceded to Japan by China, in accordance with the right of conquest and the treaty of Simonoseki, was restored to China only to be handed over to Russia by the Cassini Convention of the following year under the pretext of defending a railway through Manchuria which Russia had obtained the right to build. The result of the Boxer insurrection of 1900 was the practical absorption of Manchuria's 360,000 square miles and 8,500,000 population by Russia. If such occupation or annexation be approved, Russia should be compelled to confirm by international *written* treaty the assurances repeatedly but verbally made, both to Japan and America,

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concerning the freedom of trade in Manchuria, a freedom absolutely necessary to Japanese commerce.

Manchuria

Americans may now think that Russia intends to keep any promises which she may have made to uphold the open door in the new Manchurian treaty ports of Mukden and Antung, and yet they themselves have been suffering Russian indignities at the port of Niuchuang, opened long since by treaty with China on equal terms to the trade of all nations. At the time of the Boxer atrocities—which Russia is believed by some secretly to have instigated for her own purposes, in helping to put down the insurrection and then demanding territory as reward—she seized Niuchuang on the pretext that the Boxers were threatening the place. Now, no Boxers were ever seen in that vicinity. Russia kept the port, however, administering the customs and the telegraph and other monopolies.

Korea

If Japan controls a lion's share of the Manchurian trade, her interests in Korea are still larger and more vital. No less than nine-tenths of the shipping of Korean ports, according to the most recent statements, is Japanese, and the two Korean railways are owned by Japan. Korean commerce has long been dominated by Japan; this and the later political control Japan has not the slightest notion of abandoning. While upholding the sovereign independence of the Korean Government, Japan now needs to control Korea also as an asylum for the redundant population of the islands. Americans do not realize that the Japanese population in an average square mile is twelve times as great as the American. Japan's population is now forty-seven millions, and must be crowded into an area of not quite a hundred and fifty thousand square miles.

Necessary as is Korea to Japanese trade and population, the Japanese idea is the same now as it was when it formed the basic cause of the war of 1894–5 with China—the assurance of Korean independence. In that war the weak Korean monarch fled to the Russian Legation for safety. This gave the Russians just the chance they wanted, and, as a recompense for their protection, they demanded and obtained a timber concession in the Yalu Valley. The Russians now claim that the concession covers, not only all the Yalu Valley, but also the valleys of all the rivers tributary, that it gives to them the right to build railways, and to monopolize the fine port of Yongampho at the river's mouth. It is also persistently reported without contradiction that Russia has obtained from the municipality of Masampho, a very important and strategic port between Mokpho and Fusan, opposite Japan, the full control of the harbor, but that the Korean Government is still strong enough to refuse to confirm the Russian possession. Now, Masampho is to Korea what Port Arthur is to Manchuria—a Gibraltar—and more, for, from it, Japan would be at Russia's mercy. The Japanese island-fortress of Tsushima is hardly the distance of a modern cannon shot from the hills commanding Masampho. According to other uncontradicted rumors, Mr. Pavlov, Russian Minister at Seoul—the Korean capital—is standing over the poor wretch who occupies the Korean throne, and is keeping him from acceding to the Japanese request to open Yongampho as a free port and from the American request to open Wiju—a place which unites the advantages of a river port and of a great mart on the highway between the Korean and Chinese capitals. Finally, Mr. Pavlov is urging that Masampho and Mokpho—ports now open by international treaty—be closed! Such arrogance should not be permitted by the nations, least of all by Japan, who will suffer most. It is a satisfaction to think that behind Japan stands England in upholding Korean sovereignty and territorial integrity, these being guaranteed in the Anglo-Japanese treaty.

Japan's Ultimatum

"Korea forms Japan's Monroe Doctrine," a Japanese statesman aptly says. In order to enforce that doctrine Japan does not need to annex Korea, but she will not permit Russia to annex it or even to absorb it under the specious guise of protecting its integrity. While in Manchuria Japan might be induced to make

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concessions, in Korea, according to an authorized statement, she can make nothing further than to agree to (1) a mutual engagement that Japan and Russia shall respect the independence and the territorial integrity of both the Chinese and the Korean empires; (2) a mutual recognition of the special interest of Japan in Korea and of Russia in Manchuria; and (3) a mutual engagement that neither Japan nor Russia shall interfere with trade rights in China or Korea acquired by the other Power, by virtue of its own treaties with those countries, *this in accordance with the equality of trade and the opportunity for it by every nation.*

To these reasonable requests Russia makes the calmly audacious counter-proposal that Manchuria be eliminated from the discussion, that Russian and Japanese trading privileges shall be equal in Korea, and that a neutral zone shall be established in northern Korea, a zone extending from Yalu River, marking the Manchurian border, over one-third of the small kingdom, as far south as Gensan! It is no wonder that the Japanese people prefer war to such an agreement. The people may force the hand of their Government, which has hitherto acted with marked patience and self-restraint. Already there is a popular and universal demand for the immediate occupation of Korea by Japan, an act which would probably be regarded by Russia as a cause of war.

Russian Diplomacy

The conduct of the diplomatic negotiations has not been to the credit of Russia, who has pursued her traditional policy of temporizing to the utmost. While the Russians grasp at anything, they have small notion of being involved in an unnecessary war. They advance to the limit; if they see that they have gone too far, they recede, but they do not go back quite to their own standing ground. They always seem to register some net advance. Just now, however, the question is, Will they recede in time to avert the sudden move by Japanese arms, not diplomacy? It may be that they regard war as inevitable, just as most Japanese do, and are instigating the Japanese to fire the first gun; but in the eyes of the world the real moral responsibility for such a war will rest upon Russia, which, with greater past experience and greater present supplies, has pushed an inexperienced nation—but one conscious of the might of right—into a war the consequences of which will be not only national as between Russia and Japan, but international on both hemispheres.

"After all, we believe," say the Japanese, "that the only question in Russia's mind is, Do we regard Japan as a weak or a strong Power? If Russia does not recede sufficiently to satisfy us, it will be because Russia thinks that she can wear out Japan ultimately, if not soon, by the force of arms; if Russia does recede from her untenable and most recent proposition and consents to a fair compromise, it will be the greatest compliment ever paid to Japan's military and naval strength. Let us hope that the journey to Cannes of President Bezobrazov, of the Russian Yalu Timber Company, operating in Korea (a man who has recently and significantly been made a Secretary of State), is for the purpose of obtaining some characteristically sage advice from one of the Czar's supposed three chief advisers—his mother, the Empress Dowager, his brother in-law, the Grand Duke Alexander, and his uncle, the Grand Duke Michael. The venerable Grand Duke Michael is hardly likely to advise a war the result of which would be not only to keep Russia permanently out of Korea, but to set back Russian prestige a quarter of a century. While Japan can attend to the material part of such a war, we shall indubitably have a moral support from America and England which will be none the less felt both in Japan and Russia because it must be at first neutral. The world will know that, as regards Japan, such neutrality is not malevolent but benevolent."

E. F. B.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE CITIZEN[1]

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "The Making of an American," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

Chapter VII.—The Clash of War

IT sounded like old times, to us who had stayed behind in Mulberry Street, when, within a few months after his departure for Washington, the wail came from down there that Roosevelt was playing at war with the ships, that he was spoiling for a row, and did not care what it cost. It seems he had been asking a million dollars or so for target practice, and, when he got that, demanding more—another half million. I say it sounded like old times, for that was the everlasting refrain of the grievance while he ran the police: there was never to be any rest or peace where he was. No, there was not. In Mulberry Street it was his business to make war on the scoundrels who had wrecked the force and brought disgrace upon our city. To Washington he had gone to sharpen the tools of war. War he knew must come. They all knew it; it was his business as the right hand of Secretary Long to prepare for it, since the first and hardest blows must be struck on the sea.

Here let me stop a moment to analyze his attitude toward this war that was looming on the horizon even before he left Mulberry Street. It was perfectly simple, as simple as anything he ever did or said, to any one who had ever taken the trouble to "think him out." I had followed him to Washington to watch events for my paper, and there joined the "war party," as President McKinley called Roosevelt and Leonard Wood, poking fun at them in his quiet way. There was not a trace of self-seeking or of jingoism in Roosevelt's attitude, unless you identify jingoism with the stalwart Americanism that made him write these words the year before:

"Every true patriot, every man of statesmanlike habit, should look forward to the time when not a single European power shall hold a foot of American soil." Not, he added, that it was necessary to question the title of foreign powers to present holdings; but "it certainly will become necessary if the timid and selfish peace-at-any-price men have their way, and if the United States fails to check, at the outset, European aggrandizement on this continent."

That was one end of it, the political one, if you please; the Monroe Doctrine in its briefest and simplest form. Spain had by outrageous mismanagement of her West Indian colonies proved herself unfit, and had forfeited the right to remain. The mismanagement had become a scandal upon our own shores. Every year the yellow fever that was brewed in Cuban filth crossed over and desolated a thousand homes in our Southern States. If proof were wanted that it was mismanagement that did it, events have more than supplied it since, and justified the war of humanity.

Plain humanity was the other end of it, and the biggest. I know, for I saw how it worked upon his mind. I was in Washington when a German cigar-manufacturer, whose business took him once or twice a year to Cuba, came to the capital seeking an interview with Senator Lodge, his home Senator, since he was from Boston. I can see him now sitting in the committee-room and telling how on his last trip he had traveled to some inland towns where he was in the habit of doing business, but where

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now all had been laid waste; how when he sat down in the inn to eat such food as he could get, a famished horde of gaunt, half-naked women, with starving babies at barren breasts, crept up like dogs to his chair, fighting for the crumbs that fell from his plate. Big tears rolled down the honest German's face as he told of it. He could not eat, he could not sleep, until he had gone straight to Washington to tell there what he had witnessed. I can see the black look come into Roosevelt's face and hear him muttering under his breath, for he, too, had little children whom he loved. And the old anger wells up in me at the thought of those who would have stayed our hand. Better a thousand times war with all its horrors than a hell like that. That was murder, and of women and innocent children. The war that avenges such infamy I hail as the messenger of wrath of an outraged God.

The war was a moral issue with him, as indeed it was with all of us who understood. It was with such facts as these—and there was no lack of them—in mind and heart that he responded hotly to Senator Hanna pleading for peace for the sake of the country's commerce and prosperity, that, much as he appreciated those blessings, the honor of the country was of more account than temporary business prosperity. It has slipped my mind what was the particular occasion—some club gathering—but I have not forgotten the profound impression the Naval Secretary's words made as he insisted that our country could better afford to lose a thousand of the bankers that have added to its wealth than one Farragut; that it were better for it never to have had all the railroad magnates that have built it up, great as is their deserving, than to have lost Grant and Sherman; better that it had never known commercial greatness than that it should miss from its history one Lincoln. Unless the moral overbalance the material, we are indeed riding for a fall in all our pride.

So he made ready for the wrath to come. And now his early interest in naval affairs, that gave us his first book, bore fruit. When the work of preparation w. over, and Roosevelt was bound for the war to practice what he had preached, his chief, Secretary Long, said, in bidding him good-by, that he had been literally invaluable in his place, and that the navy would feel the stimulus of his personality for a long time. His industry was prodigious. He bought ships for the invasion of Cuba, and fitted them out. He recruited crews and shot away fortunes with the big guns—recklessly, shouted the critics. He knew better. His experience as a hunter had taught him that the best gun in the world was wasted on a man who did not know how to use it. The Spaniards found that out later. Roosevelt loaded up with ammunition and with coal. When at last the war broke out, Dewey found everything he needed at Hongkong where he sought it, and was able to sail across to Manila a week before they expected him there. And then we got the interest on the gun-practice that had frightened the economical souls at home. In Mulberry Street it was corruption that defied him; now it was the stubborn red tape of a huge department that dragged and dragged at his feet, and threatened to snare him up at every second step he took—the most disheartening of human experiences. The men he came quickly to like. "They are a fine lot of fellows," he wrote to me, "these naval men. You would take to them at sight." Of the other he never spoke, but I can imagine how it must have nagged him. To this day, when I have anything I want to find out or do in the Navy Department, it seems flatly impossible to make a short cut to the thing I want. So many bureaus, so many chief clerks, and so many what-you-may-call-'ems have to pass upon it. It is the way of the world, I suppose, to go on magnifying and exalting the barrel, where the staves are men with their little interests and conceits, until what it is made to hold is of secondary importance or less. In the end he burst through it as he did through the jobs the police conspirators tried to put up on him; kicked it all to pieces and went on his way.

A new light shone through the dusty old windows. For generations, since steam came to replace sail, there had been a contention between the line and

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the engineer corps, as to rank and pay, that cut into the heart of the navy. It was the fight of the old against the new that goes on in all days. The old line-officer was loth to give equal place to the engineer, who, when he was young, was but an auxiliary, an experiment. The place of honor was still to be on the deck, though long since the place of responsibility had moved to the engine-room. The engineer insisted upon recognition; met the other upon the floor of Congress and checkmated him in his schemes of legislation. The quarrel was bitter, irreconcilable; on every ship there were hostile camps. Neither could make headway for the other. Roosevelt, as chairman of a board to reconcile the differences that were older than the navy itself as it is to-day, steered it successfully between the two fatal reefs and made peace. Under his "personnel bill" each side obtained its rights, and, with the removal of the pretext for future quarrels, the navy was greatly strengthened. Cadets now receive the same training; the American naval officer in the next war will be equally capable of commanding on deck and of mending a broken engine.

When it came to picking out the man who was to command in the East, where the blow must be struck, Roosevelt advised Dewey. They laughed at him. Dewey was a "dude," they said. It seems the red tape had taken notice of the fact that the Commodore was always trim and neat, and, judging him by its own standard, thought that was all. Roosevelt told them no, he would fight. And he might wear whatever kind of collar he chose, so long as he did that. I remember, when Dewey was gone with his ships, the exultation with which Roosevelt spoke of the choice. We were walking down Connecticut Avenue, with his bicycle between us, discussing Dewey. Leonard Wood came out of a side street and joined us. His mind was on Cuba. Roosevelt, with prophetic eye, beheld Manila and the well-stocked ammunition-bins in Chinese waters.

"Dewey," he said, "is the man for the place. He has a lion heart."

I guess none of us feels like disputing his judgment at this day, any more than we do the wisdom of the gun-practice.

When Dewey was in the East, it was Roosevelt's influence in the naval board that kept his fleet intact. The Olympia had been ordered home. Roosevelt secured the repeal of the order. "Keep the Olympia," he cabled him, "and keep full of coal." The resistless energy of the man carried all before it till the day when orders were cabled under the Pacific to the man with the lion heart to go in and smash the enemy. "Capture or destroy!" We know the rest.

Roosevelt's work was done. "There is nothing more for me to do here," he said. "I've got to get into the fight myself."

They told him to stay, he was needed where he was. But he was right: his work *was* done. It was to prepare for war. With the fighting of the ships he had, could have, nothing to do. Merely to sit in an office and hold down a job, a title, or a salary, was not his way. He did not go lightly. His wife was lying sick, with a little baby; his other children needed him. I never had the good fortune to know a man who loves his children more devotedly and more sensibly than he. There was enough to keep him at home; there were plenty to plead with him. I did myself, for I hated to see him go. His answer was as if his father might have spoken: "I have done all I could to bring on the war, because it is a just war, and the sooner we meet it the better. Now that it has come, I have no business to ask others to do the fighting and stay at home myself."

It was right, and he went. I have not forgotten that gray afternoon in early May when I went with him across the river to the train that was to carry him and his horse South. He had made his will; the leave-taking was over and had left its mark. There was in him no trace of the "spoiling for a fight" that for the twentieth time was cast up against him. He looked soberly, courageously ahead to a new and untried experience, hopeful of the glad day that should see our arms victorious and the bloody usurper driven from Cuba. "I won't be long." He waved his hand and was gone; and

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to me the leaden sky seemed drearier, the day more desolate, than before.

Two weary months dragged their slow length along. There had been fighting in Cuba. Every morning my wife and I plotted each to waylay the newsboy to get the paper first and make sure he was safe before the other should see it. And then one bright and blessed July morning, when the land was ringing with the birthday salute of the Nation, she came with shining eyes, waving the paper, in which we read together of the charge on San Juan Hill; how the Rough Riders charged, with him at their head, through a hail of Spanish bullets, the men dropping by twos and threes as they ran.

"When they came[1] to the open, smooth hillside there was no protection. Bullets were raining down at them, and shot and shells from the batteries were sweeping everything. There was a moment's hesitation, and then came the order: 'Forward! charge!' Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt led, waving his sword. Out into the open the men went, and up the hill. Death to every man seemed certain. The crackle of the Mauser rifles was continuous. Out of the brush came the riders. Up, up they went, with the colored troops alongside of them, not a man flinching, and forming as they ran. Roosevelt was a hundred feet in the lead. Up, up they went in the face of death, men dropping from the ranks at every step. The Rough Riders acted like veterans. It was an inspiring sight and an awful one.

"Astounded by the madness of the rush, the Spaniards exposed themselves. This was a fatal mistake. The Tenth Cavalry (the colored troops) picked them off like ducks and rushed on, up and up.

"The more Spaniards were killed, the more seemed to take their places. The rain of shells and bullets doubled. Men dropped faster and faster, but others took their places. Roosevelt sat erect on his horse, holding his sword and shouting for his men to follow him. Finally his horse was shot from under him, but he landed on his feet and continued calling for his men to advance. He charged up the hill afoot.

"It seemed an age to the men who were watching, and to the Rough Riders the hill must have seemed miles high. But they were undaunted. They went on, firing as fast as their guns would work.

"At last the top of the hill was reached. The Spaniards in the trenches could still have annihilated the Americans, but the Yankees' daring dazed them. They wavered for an instant, and then turned and ran.

"The position was won and the blockhouse captured. . . . In the rush more than half of the Rough Riders were wounded."

In how many American homes was that splendid story read that morning with a thrill never quite to be got over! We read it together, she and I, excited, breathless; and then we laid down the paper and gave two such rousing cheers as hadn't been heard in Richmond Hill that Fourth of July morning, one for the flag and one for Theodore Roosevelt. What was breakfast? The war was won and over!

We live in a queer world. One man sees the glorious painting, priceless for all time; the other but the fly-speck on the frame. A year or two after, some one, I think he was an editor, wrote to ask me if the dreadful thing was true that in the rush up that hill Roosevelt said "Hell!" I don't know what I replied—I want to forget it. I know I said it, anyhow. But, great Scott! think of it.

Of that war and of his regiment, from the day it was evolved, uniformed, armed, and equipped, through "ceaseless worrying of excellent bureaucrats who had no idea how to do things quickly or how to meet an emergency,"[1] all through the headlong race with a worse enemy than the one in front—the malaria, upon which the Spaniards counted openly as their gruesome ally—down to the day when, the army's work done, Colonel Roosevelt "wrecked his career" finally and for good, by demanding its recall

[1] This was the account we read in the New York "Sun."

[1] I am quoting "The Rough Riders." It seems, then, the navy has no patent on red tape. I thought as much.

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home, he himself has told the story in "The Rough Riders." Every schoolboy in the land knows it. The Rough Riders came out of the heroic past of our country's history, held the forefront of the stage for three brief months, and melted back into college and camp and mine with never a ripple. But they left behind them a mark which this generation will not see effaced. To those who think it a sudden ambitious thought, a "streak of luck," I commend this reference to the "rifle-bearing horsemen" on page 249 of the second volume of his "Winning of the West," written quite ten years before: "They were brave and hardy, able to thread their way unerringly through the forests, and fond of surprises; and though they always fought on foot, they moved on horseback, and therefore with great celerity. Their operations should be carefully studied by all who wish to learn the possibilities of mounted riflemen." Before he or any one else dreamed of the war, he had studied and thought it all out, and when the chance came he was ready for it and took it. That is all there ever was in "Roosevelt's luck;" and that is about all there is in this luck business, anyhow, as I have said before.

The chance came to one man beside him who was ready, and the world is the better for it. I saw the growing friendship between the two that year in Washington, and was glad; for Leonard Wood is another man to tie to, as one soon finds out who knows him. They met there for the first time, but in one brief year they grew to be such friends that when the command of the regiment was offered Roosevelt, he asked for second place under Wood; for Wood had seen service in the field, as Roosevelt had not. He had earned the medal of honor for undaunted courage and great ability in the arduous campaigns against the Apaches. Both earned their promotion in battle afterward. I liked to see them together because they are men of the same strong type. When Roosevelt writes of his friend that, "like so many of the gallant fighters with whom it was later my good fortune to serve, he combined in a very high degree the qualities of entire manliness with entire uprightness and cleanliness of character; it was a pleasure to deal with a man of high ideals who scorned everything mean and base, and who also possessed those robust and hardy qualities of body and mind, for the lack of which no merely negative virtue can ever atone"—he draws as good a picture of himself as his best friend could have done. While the Roosevelts and the Woods come when they are needed, as they always have come, our country is safe.

Together they sailed away in the springtime, southward through the tropic seas, toward the unknown. "We knew not whither we were bound, nor what we were to do; but we believed that the nearing future held for us many chances of death and hardship, of honor and renown. If we failed, we would share the fate of all who fail; but we were sure that we would win, that we should score the first great triumph in a mighty world-movement." The autumn days were shortening when I stood at Montauk Point, scanning the sea for the vessels that should bring them back. Within the year one was to sit at Albany, the Governor of his own, the Empire State; the other in the palace of the conquered tyrant on the rescued isle. For Roosevelt committees were waiting, honors and high office. The country rang with his name. But when he stepped ashore his concern was for his own at home—for his wife; and when I told him that I had brought her down to see his triumph, he thanked me with a handshake that told me how glad he was.

I see him now riding away over the hill, in his rough rider uniform, to the hospital where his men lay burning up with the fever. Wherever he came, confusion, incapacity, gave way to order and efficiency. Things came round at once. So did his men. The sight of his face was enough to make them rally for another fight with the enemy. They had seen him walking calmly on top of the earth wall when, in the small hours of the morning, drenched by pouring rains, chilled to the bone, and starving in the trenches, they were roused by the alarm that the Spaniards were coming, and the sight made them heroes.

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They had heard his cheering voice when the surgeons were dressing the wounded by candle-light, after the fight at Las Guasimas: "Boys, if there is a man at home who wouldn't be proud to change places with you, he is not worth his salt, and he is not a true American;" and the ring of it was with them yet. So they took heart of hope and got well, and went back to those who loved them, even as did he for a little while. Then we needed him again, and he came when he was called.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The American College Girl

By a European University Girl

IF a girl European born and bred were to land right among several hundred American college girls, stepping from the steamer without transition into the very heart of college life, as I did some time ago (and may the reader pardon the use of the objectionable first person), but without having ever known anything about American college life, such a girl would simply be amazed.

Benevolent friends had, in my case, kindly undertaken to enlighten me, long before I sailed for America, about the characteristic life and ways of those different forms of the astonishing being known through different stages of the same evolution as Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior. Therefore my first movement was not exactly amazement, but rather curiosity of seeing for myself and knowing more; and my next was a feeling of delight at the evidences of the curious life which was being evolved and enjoyed all around me. Naturally, I felt like sitting still and watching. Nowhere in Continental Europe does such a thing as a girls' college exist. We have boarding-schools and State schools, schools for training pupils and schools for training teachers, convents and private institutions for young ladies, representing every kind, variety, and denomination of work, of aspirations, of beliefs; but the girls' college is an entity unknown. Nowhere in Europe do the young women move out of their homes to such vast communities, living a life all of their own, and yet far from monastic, a life of which girls are both subject and object, in the various capacity of students, society girls, church women, hostesses, entertainers, playwrights and players, members of clubs, editors, philanthropists, and, in short, everything; a life in which men and older women come in only as officers of instruction, or as guests and outsiders, the wide world itself appearing merely a parenthesis to the life of the college house and hall, where comfort and luxury are provided for to an extent which appears simply fabulous to the foreigner. With us, in Europe, the girl who wants to get instruction of any kind either attends a daily school or goes to a boarding-school or convent, in the latter case submitting to a system of life generally strict and uncomfortable and absolutely devoid of fun, except perhaps such as the Sunday outings with parents or friends may afford to the girl who is fortunate enough in this respect. No European educational institution would think of allowing to its inmates such a luxuriousness of surroundings as appears in the American girls' college room, the extreme simplicity of the food being the only thing in common to both types of educational community. Also, the decorations that each girl brings to her college room, the class symbols, the flags, the posters, the sporting souvenirs, the men's pictures on desks and dressing-tables, appear wonderful to the stranger. To the uninitiated beholder, the college girl's room might be a college boy's room, there is such a breezy air of comfort and liveliness in the whole arrangement. The first time I entered a college room I was struck by the conspicuous absence of books and the equally conspicuous presence of candy-boxes and fruit-baskets; but I wisely refrained from any expression of my feelings, on remembering that it is one's

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own brain far more than one's bookcase which is the fit place for wisdom.

Soon after, I had occasion to notice that the college girl is very particular about offerings of ribbons and flowers to the sanctuary of her wisdom; and frequently defies every attempt at recognition on the part of the new faculty, by appearing daily in the most astonishing variety of head-gear and adornment. On the other side of the ocean which Horace appropriately named a dissociabilis, girls are supposed not to keep young men's portraits in their rooms, just as they are supposed not to meet on equal terms of comradeship the subjects of the aforesaid pictures; much less would such functions as Junior Proms. and Glee Club Concerts be considered desirable or even appropriate. It is not natural to the European mind to conceive either a ball given by young girls to young men, or a "gym" ball at which hundreds of girls appear in evening dress, without a single black coat (except perhaps the presidential or other equally solemn frock) to relieve the uniform flutter of pale-colored muslins and veils—one of the prettiest sights that college life has to offer. Neither would the possibility suggest itself, on the other side, that the rich girl should have a check-book and bank account of her own, or that the poor girl should make shirt-waists, or wait on the table, or sell blue-prints to fight her way through college; these being but a few of the thousand things which may be pointed out as entirely contrasting in the life of the American and the foreign girl student.

There is, however, in old Europe, now and then, a girl who has a chance of getting out of her life perhaps more experience and at least the same amount of pleasure as the American girl does, although in a way entirely different; this is the girl who attends a university for men, and enjoys in the Old World, among hundreds of men, the perfect freedom of movement and the feeling of independence which characterize the happy life of the American college girl (happy in that she realizes by herself an ideal of free and intelligent life, without the inevitable strain which comes to the same life when lived by one girl among a crowd of men) To this girl of exception, the daily life in the university halls, and the ceremonies and functions connected with it, are amply sufficient to make up for the unknown social life of the college house, which is non-existent in European universities. There is one chief difficulty in European student life for men and women alike; that is, the keeping of freshness and naturalness of thought, brightness of spirit, and readiness for fun, under the constant strain of hard work, unrelieved by any sporting or other diversions, save those which each student may contrive for himself or herself, when, after all the sometimes unreasonable amount of work required is done, the student who is not altogether irrepressible will rather wish for rest than for further exertion, although of different kind. Unfortunately, it happens that girls are quite often seriously affected by such a trying atmosphere, and most of them develop a slightly unhealthy and abnormal turn of mind; they become too much intellectual or too much the reverse, and either lose entirely their femininity or make too much of it; in the former case they are unsympathetic, in the latter dangerous to themselves and the men.

No American girl runs this risk, as far as college life goes. Its chief characteristic seems to be well defined by the historical words, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." To the college girls' happiness many elements are cooperating, among which, notably, are Papa's checks and the advantages depending thereon; Faculty votes prohibiting a schedule of over so many hours a week or more than a certain number of courses for the semester; constant anxiety on the part of "Prex" and "M.D." lest the young buds of hope break down under the strain of study, and so forth. How strange it all appears to the student from the other side! We are expected to give an enormous amount of work, and nobody ever gives a thought to our personal incolumity; we may moan, sigh, or revolt; we may strike, protest, or die in the attempt; from the serene Olympus of the Faculty the gods watch with calm, unruffled brow the struggle of the nonentities down in the

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halls of learning. Why such things as *cut* and *bluff* do exist in an American girls' college, where they are obviously not needed, and why they are not raised to a proportional dignity in an institution where the necessity of them seems imperious, that is a question which some university Hamlet had better take up some time.

The point seems to lie mainly in that the European university is chiefly an institution for pure intellectual development, while the American college is chiefly an educational community. For instance, the foreign standard makes it a point to set religious matters apart from the domain of study, to separate intellectual from religious work and influence. Not to do so would be to break one of the severest and not always unspoken rules of the world of learning. It seems almost as if a profession of faithlessness might be considered less objectionable than a professson of faith, because the former may be the result of a philosophic creed, while the latter is a question of sentiment, and no public recognition of Christian or other belief is either solicited or expected or even desired of any teacher or student—the honor principle being deemed sufficient for purposes of study life, which is considered absolutely independent from private life. That is why one of the things that impresses the stranger most deeply in the American college is the evidence of religious work which pervades all the college life and seems to be one of its chief forces of cohesion and adherence.

We, then, go to our universities purely for learning; the American girl goes to her college for general training to fit herself for life. "*Non scholæ sed vitæ*" is limited with us to matters of erudition; it is extended with her to life at large. We have to find for ourselves the outward life beyond the library shelves and the university halls, creating almost a second individual youth for our soul and brain when we come in contact with the reality of life, lifting our head from the texts and manuscripts of old. The fact weighs heavy upon us that we grow amid the remains of the past. The American girl thrives on the promise of the future, and although she lives in the middle of study, she does not bury herself in it, which is very important. Also, her childhood and early youth have been far more free and bright than those of the European child, and left her characteristically immature up to when she enters college, although her self-reliance, fostered by her childhood's freedom, makes her appear more of a woman than she really is. She has the consciousness of every daughter of Eve that she is charming; but she does not know why or when she is most charming. For instance, almost all the college girls, upon request, will confess to a long-cherished delusion that they look their best in evening dress. They feel the delight of the very young in the garment which has still for them the attraction of novelty, and before which never once occur to them the doubts that haunt the society woman. And yet the college girl looks by far her best in the sportive clothes, far more appropriate to her boyish freedom of manner, to her beauty still undeveloped, to the slight lack of individuality which is the inevitable stamp of very *young* youth. The sunshine of the campus, the bright blue sky and the green meadows and the shining waters of river or lake, are the natural atmosphere and the fitting background of the college girl's charms, since she is not yet sufficiently complex to stand successfully the glare of artificial light in a ball-room. She dresses undoubtedly very well, may I say *too* well for European taste?—but it is evident from her appearance on solemn occasions that she has not mastered the difficult art of dressing *just well*—a judicious selection of ornaments being the height of elegance in a woman who can both afford and stand unobtrusive richness and severe simplicity. The college girl's looks are generally good enough, and the college girl's parents, it appears, good-natured enough, to allow of both, to her advantage. Certainly, in the matter of appearance, the older and more experienced American girl who has been to Europe and added a cosmopolitan flavor to Bostonian elegance, New York brilliancy, Southern beauty, or Western dash, has the advantage over her younger sister

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(or her same self a few years ago), the college girl. But where the latter has the advantage over any girl from anywhere is in the college rallies and games. When she gets hold of a "gym" hall and decorates it with bright colors and strange devices, and, dragging along a jolly mascot, comes to the front in senior glory or junior pride, in sophomoric self-satisfaction or in freshman assertiveness, nothing prettier or more significant of youth and brightness of mind can be wished for. When she "yells" her "'rah, 'rah, 'rah," the brimming good humor and joyousness of her nature are simply contagious, and always make at least one person from over the sea feel very much like trading off one of her solemn degrees for a fair chance of joining in the fun. As a university girl I am far too accustomed to serious work to exhibit any wonder at the otherwise remarkable achievements of the college girl in the field of study; what attracts me and interests me most strongly and constantly is the way in which she manages to get at fun, real good square childish fun, out of the intricacies of philosophic research and the problems of laboratory work. I sincerely envy the feeling of the girl who joins in the college yell and takes part in the rollicking college song, entirely unconscious of her own personality, entirely carried away by the collective excitement, entirely unconcerned, unless it may be, perhaps, about the amount of noise that she is able to produce.

And when, the next morning, she has a sore throat or some other ailment invariably traceable to the relaxations of the previous day, and invariably of a nature that will not allow her to recite, I feel that I ought to object; but retrospective consideration of my own too proper student life will just as invariably remind me that the one wise thing in the world is to know how to be foolish sometimes. It saves the inconvenience of feeling foolish at other times generally less appropriate. And I say, "Never mind, child," because the truth dawns on me that there are other things in life than recitations, after all. The world will not ask of these girls, probably, if they can determine a parabolic orbit, or classify comprehensively the pre-Socratic philosophers, or discuss the inflections in the Gothic grammar; but it will ask of them, as it does of us all, men and women, if they are fit to understand, to enjoy, to endure life as it is in reality. And there is more yelling in life than Gothic grammar, to be sure.

We transatlantic owls feel, on having completed our studies, that we have lived a life of books, and with a purely scholarly equipment are moving on to meet a life of action: these young American eaglets will never feel the transition. That is why the American system strikes me as more sensible, although it may appear less serious to the superficial observer.

In the class-room the girls are remarkably bright and extremely susceptible to the personality of the teacher. It appears to me that they depend upon this more than the European student does. They are quite willing to obey and respond to the intellectual individuality of another person, partly because their own intellectual individuality is not entirely developed, partly through exuberance of youthful friendliness. They are thirsting and craving for knowledge, but in a way all their own, of which, in many cases, they seem unconscious; craving not for erudition, but for every kind of vital information. It is amusing to see them supremely indifferent and impenetrable to items that are the joy and pride of other students' hearts, and puzzled by problems that others would never heed. Let a really vital subject turn up in the course of the lesson, and suddenly all the class lights up as with sunshine, and follows with breathless interest whither you lead. They are appallingly sincere in the expression of their feelings about the work; when they are tired they yawn, when they are pleased they smile, with serene disregard of the teacher's feelings. And consequently they open their eyes in wonder when, by way of a polite hint, you attempt to inform them of the strictness of European class-rooms in the matter of deportment. They do not understand what objection there may be, for instance, to carrying one's rubbers to the class-room in the same bundle with the venerable

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texts of the classics, the letter from home, and the fortnightly paper on philosophy. A remark to that effect would strike them simply as "awful;" which reminds me, *en passant*, how strange it appears to the uninitiated that girls so highly cultivated dispose or choose to dispose of so limited a vocabulary in the expression of their feelings—candy, examinations in Greek, and gowns being indiscriminately "too awful" or "too lovely for anything" according to the standpoint from which the youthful judge sees fit to approve or condemn. Their work is somewhat after the same order; that is, strikingly mature at times, and then again remarkably or even ludicrously immature, evidently the product of a bright, very impressionable, and easily distracted mind. This is chiefly apparent in their study and criticism of foreign literatures, of which their healthy lack of responsiveness to nervous thrills on one side, and the deficiency of critic-taste inherent to inexperienced youth on the other, often fail to allow them a thoroughly appreciative comprehension. It appears to me that the turn of their mind is rather technical and scientific than artistic and classic; at least that Greek and Latin life and literature mean less to them than they do to the European student. And yet, while the strain of their thought is, on the whole, of a practical character, down in the young hearts lies an unspoken desire for romance. Their feelings will never allow their critic-spirit to deal hardly with a charming hero or heroine.

For they are children at heart, notwithstanding the desperate attempts of the Faculties to the contrary, and children they remain, not only during the traditionally "green" freshman age, and the very similar sophomoric epoch, but, fortunately, even while, as seniors, they feel that they are "running the college;" and, still more astonishing, even when, crowned in senior glory, they know that they have exhausted all that life has to give. And it is this self-same youthful spirit, persistently apparent in spite or perhaps on account of their heroic efforts to conceal it, which constitutes their chief charm, and the power with which they win the hearts of Faculties, and others of greater consequence. The proof and test of which statement, if needed, lies in the very fact that probably none of my young friends from "naughty-four" to "naughty-seven" would be willing to admit, and still less to pardon, it.

Some Religious Verse of Alice Freeman Palmer

By George H. Palmer

I PRINT here a little group of poems written by a busy woman of affairs. To most of those who knew her it will be a surprise to find that Mrs. Palmer was a poet. It was a surprise to me, perhaps to herself. For though a strange power of radiating light and warmth was felt by all who approached her, she devoted her brief years to occupations far from poetic, occupations calling chiefly for practical sagacity. Yet such work, too, she ennobled. Other persons engaging in it often become mechanical. It was precisely her distinction that she was never conquered by routine. Every day she brought fresh interest to each labor, and so maintained a rich personal life through all publicity. When in later years that life began to express itself in verse, one could see that the faith, romance, and passion for beauty, which here at hastily snatched moments received poetic form, had been all along the deep inspiration of commoner tasks.

How multifold, however, and seemingly alien those tasks were, a brief enumeration will show. She took a leading part in organizing two large colleges, both experimental and of widely unlike types. For twelve years, as a member of the State Board of Education, she was engaged in reconstructing the Normal Schools of Massachusetts.

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She was for a time the president of a great missionary society. During the last third of her life she was associated on many committees with lawyers and business men seeking civic and social reform. In numberless ways she devoted herself to enlarging the opportunities for women to obtain a higher education. As a speaker she was listened to with pleasure and conviction. Her correspondence was enormous, for she was consulted by persons of responsible position from one end of the country to the other. In this advisory capacity she had steady need of watchfulness and tact to keep herself clear of schemers—sometimes of a selfish, more often of an unbalanced, sort—who were ever ready to hitch their rickety wagons to her auspicious star. Throughout all these complicated public duties she was still masterly in housekeeping, lavish in friendship, charming in all domestic and social graces. No one found her hurried, but peace and the blessed sunshine seemed ever to attend her.

It is hard to see how a woman doing in this elaborate way the work of several men, and at the same time living with singular fullness the usual life of her sex, could find leisure to gain the technical training required by the most exacting of the arts. And probably it would have been impossible if it had not been for what I may call Mrs. Palmer's habit of instantaneous excellence. In small things or in large it was characteristic of her to take no wrong roads. She seemed to have the bird's instinct for finding her way through unknown regions to the significant spot. Rarely did work of hers have on it the fumbling marks of the amateur. Bring a bicycle to her door for the first time and she would ride it at once. Give her a camera, and her earliest photographs would be exquisite. The same easy mastery was hers in managing a refractory committee of the Legislature or in installing a heating plant. To forget herself, to observe, to submit her mind to the conditions before her, to let her powers be invigorated rather than abashed by the presence of needs, and to hit nothing but the mark, these were daily habits which enabled her to accomplish astonishing results. Excellence was her province. She settled in it and made herself cheerfully at home there.

From childhood she was fond of verse, and her acquaintance with the long line of English poets became extensive and critical. She loved much of the earlier poetry which is now little read. I was often surprised when reading with her to see how her hospitable and precise taste would discriminate the good from the middling in authors with whom she was only then becoming acquainted. Seldom was she misled by hazy thought or dazzling diction. She found poetry rather in situations than in words, and the true poet was he who could let her see those situations clearly. That she was in the habit of writing verse herself I did not know until the year before her death. On her last wedding anniversary in America she brought me a volume of twenty poems celebrating our happy life in the country. In Paris, a few days before her death, she told me she had intended to expand this into a sort of marriage cycle. Among her papers I found many such poems of Love and Nature, most of them too personal for publication. With them, however, were certain hymns and religious verses, which seem to me to possess a peculiar combination of simplicity, depth, and veracity. These qualities may give them general interest. Religious verse, strangely enough, is apt to lack veracity. Even when impassioned, it easily falls into conventional diction. The human mind has difficulty in facing God alone, and offering to him its very feelings. In that august presence it inclines to lean on its fellows, and to employ general proprieties to help out its own special utterance. But Mrs. Palmer was herself everywhere. She had no society manners. Even toward superiors she used respectful boldness. In these poems there is, accordingly, a rare genuineness. They record the veritable ingredients of a single mood of mind. And this inner dignity often gives rise to felicity of phrase. There is, however, no curiousness. The lines are swift, of unimpeded flow; but freshness of thought marks the words, and leaves them singing in the ear after the line is ended. I am

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sure it would be much against her judgment to call these poems great, or even to have them printed. She told me that all she had written were but sketches, and had better be burned. But I believe that this selected exhibit of a collateral and occasional interest in the life of one so widely loved is justified by the fair degree of technical merit, the naturalness and appealing power of the poems, and the support they are likely to afford to true religious feeling. I may add that several of those here given were written during an illness which followed a serious accident, and all of them during the last five years of her life.

THE TEMPEST

"He shall give his angels charge
Over thee in all thy ways."
Though the thunders roam at large,
Though the lightning round me plays,
Like a child I lay my head
In sweet sleep upon my bed.

Though the terror come so close,
It shall have no power to smite;
It shall deepen my repose,
Turn the darkness into light.
Touch of angels' hands is sweet—
Not a stone shall hurt my feet.

All Thy waves and billows go
Over me to press me down
Into arms so strong I know
They will never let me drown.
Ah! my God, how good Thy will!
I will nestle and be still.

ACQUAINTANCE WITH GRIEF

I said to Pain, "I will not have thee here!
The nights are weary and the days are drear
In thy hard company."
He clasped me close and held me still so long
I learned how deep his voice, how sweet his song,
How far his eyes can see.

NIGHTFALL

The dear, long, quiet summer day
Draws to its close.
To the deep woods I steal away
To hear what the sweet thrush will say
In his repose.

Beside the brook the meadow rue
Stands tall and white;
The water softly slips along,
A murmur to the thrush's song,
To greet the night.

Over and over, like a bell,
Her song rings clear;
The trees stand still in joy and prayer,
Only the angels stir the air,
High heaven bends near.

I bow my head, and lift my heart,
In Thy great peace;
Thy Angelus, my God, I heed,
By the still waters wilt Thou lead
Till days shall cease.

SUFFOCATION

I cannot bear your violin to-night,
It sobs and wails with pain;
Down the piano-keys the tears drop light,
Put out the lamps again.

Some moments come when poetry and song
Are far too sad for me,
When music's chords beat on my heart too strong,
I cannot breathe or see!

Let me go out under the steadfast stars,
So many and so still,
And soothe my spirit beating on its bars,
And think on Heaven's sweet will.

Night unto night, dear God, thy glory tells,
Thy stars together sing!
Such music all my heart with rapture swells,
As birds in early spring!

THE GLORY OF THE WORLD

O summer night beside the soundless sea,
O golden hour for my dear love and me!
The past, the future, are at one in thee!

Before us is the moonrise full and bright,
The pathway on the waves is radiant light,
Behind us the great sunset and the night.

O good, glad world, with beauty never guessed!
Light of the east, dead splendors in the west,
I lock you fast forever in my breast.

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I know your wondrous meaning, for one stands
Beside me, at the touch of whose dear hands
My whole heart leaps to life and understands.

ON A GLOOMY EASTER

I hear the robins singing in the rain.
The longed-for spring is hushed so drearily
That hungry lips cry often wearily,
"Oh! if the blessed sun would shine again!"

I hear the robins singing in the rain.
The misty world lies waiting for the dawn;
The wind sobs at my window and is gone,
And in the silence come old sounds of pain.

But still the robins sing on in the rain,
Not waiting for the morning sun to break,
Nor listening for the violets to wake,
Nor fearing lest the snow may fall again.

My heart sings with the robins in the rain.
For I remember it is Easter morn,
And life and love and peace are all new born,
And joy has triumphed over loss and pain.

Sing on, brave robins, sing on in the rain!
You know behind the clouds the sun must shine,
You know that death means only life divine
And all our losses turn to heavenly gain.

I lie and listen to you in the rain.
Better than Easter bells that do not cease,
Your message from the heart of God's great peace,
And to His arms I turn and sleep again.

THE BUTTERFLY

I hold you at last in my hand,
Exquisite child of the air;
Can I ever understand
How you grew to be so fair?

You came to this linden-tree
To taste its delicious sweet,
I sitting here in the shadow and shine
Playing around its feet.

Now I hold you fast in my hand,
You marvelous butterfly,
Till you help me to understand
The eternal mystery.

From that creeping thing in the dust
To this shining bliss in the blue!
God, give me courage to trust
I can break my chrysalis too!

THE SINGING HEART

I wonder why I am so glad to-day!
My friends have gone away—
Some in the country, some by the salt sea,
Some in the mountains,—
All are gone from me.
And some are sick, and some are very sad,
And yet I am so glad!

Why should I feel so glad and well and strong?
Sickness has left me weak, and pain for long
Has kept me silent, constant company;
But now my heart is singing joyously;
No task would be too heavy, no pain bad
To-day, I am so glad!

Why is the world so sweet and fair just now?
Men stagger to their work with aching brow.
The little children gasp in the foul street,
The great, tired city throbs with parching heat,
Yet I can drink cool winds from far away,
I am so glad to-day!

Can I be lonely, sick, or sad again?
I will go out to heal my brother's pain,
To help and succor in the world's distress;
So blest, great Love, by thee, I too will bless,
And in dark days to come will think alway
How glad I was to-day!

A COMMUNION HYMN

How sweet and silent is the place,
My God, alone with thee!
Awaiting thy clear touch of grace,
Thy heavenly mystery.

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So many ways thou hast, dear Lord,
My longing heart to fill,
Thy lovely world, thy spoken word,
The doing thy sweet will.

Giving thy children living bread,
Leading thy weak ones on,
The touch of dear hands on my head,
The thought of loved ones gone.

Lead me by many paths, dear Lord,
But always in thy way,
And help me make my earth a heaven
Till next Communion Day.

A Touch on the Arm

By Hezekiah Butterworth

WHEN the winter winds blow about old Washington and Essex Streets, Boston, and the blasts of the crystal seasons cause thinly clad people to draw their garments closely about them, there comes to my memory a tale of a past generation, that rises in my soul like a star. It is a simple tale, but it interprets a great heart and a lofty genius, and all life as well; for all human thoughts follow suggestion; that word is the history of all that has helped to make a better and a higher world.

Let me tell you the story as it came to me, and you will not wonder that it has haunted me, though the mighty leader that gave rise to it has long slept in a secluded grave among the mosses of Milton Hills.

It happened more than a half-century ago—this little incident, this great parable of life. There had been snowy days; frosts had covered the windows of beautiful Harrison Avenue, and glittered from the arms of the great trees there. The place is now Chinatown.

There were toy-shops around Essex Street then; Theodore Parker lived there; he sleeps now in beautiful Florence.

There came out of a square brick house that faced the then prosperous square a tall, lonely man; the world was on his heart, and his heart was full of love and pity. It was early evening, and this man went out into the night.

He was looking for something—something to ease his heart. He heard the North Chimes ring out in the clear, crystal air, from the steeple on Copps Hill. It was New Year's eve; people were hurrying hither and thither, with arms full of light gifts, and minds full of happy anticipations. There were waiting hearts everywhere.

He came to a glittering gift store, and something caused him to pause. A girl, in her mother's Rob Roy shawl, stood there looking into the windows, beside a bundle of savins, which had been offered for sale for Christmas trees.

A clerk came out of the store hastily, and said to the girl:

"You have no right to be standing here; go home."

She turned partly around, reluctantly, and her face wrinkled and her lip trembled.

"No right"—the words were more bitter than the north wind.

The clerk went back to his work, the girl stepped into a dark corner, out of the way of the hurrying procession of buyers, drew her shawl around her, and looked into the gay window, and wished for the things that others were to share, but which she could not expect to have. But she could dream that she had them; she had the right to dream.

Something made her start. A hand touched her arm. As she turned, a voice said, "Here." It was a voice of silver; it was a bell. She had never heard such a voice before. It repeated, "Here," and added, "You have a right to wish."

A form towered above her, with such a face! It was the face of a Roman, and never walked a nobler soul before, or has walked since, such a kindly, grand Roman, it may be, in Boston streets! I can see it in my mind's eye now—for I have met that man, that god among men.

"Here," the bell voice rang again, and the man put into the wistful child's

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hand a dollar in silver. "You have a right to wish and to live."

He turned, and, his head above the crowd, vanished into the night.

The girl folded her face in her mother's shawl, and cried with a heaving heart. Could such things be in this selfish world? The man went on, perhaps to find some other child as hopeless and forlorn, wishing that he might touch her on the arm and ring the bell of his divine voice. It was his habit to do such things; to make a wistful child's heart happy in this way, and to disappear in the crowd like a wave in the sea. The child would never know who touched her on the arm, and he could tell his invalid wife the story of his evening's adventures for a winter tale, when he returned to his home, and to his fire among the walls of books.

But the wistful girl in the Rob Roy shawl remembered that glorious face. She still felt that hand on her arm, and could hear in fancy his voice like a bell. She carried home with her that touch on the arm; it was a firm hand that had touched her, a strong hand, a warm hand. Should she ever see that face again?

She dreamed of the man at nights. What a divine light there must have been in his soul; he wanted no return, no money, no honor, no praise, not even love of any recollection.

That child had a happy New Year, and she talked with her mother constantly of the man.

"His head was like a tower," she said, "and when he spoke it was like the ringing of a silver bell. He said, 'You have a right to wish.' I sometimes think that he was Christ."

"He was like him in what he did," said the wondering mother.

One summer evening the little girl wandered away from the treeless alley where she lived, toward the Common. A crowd of excited men were hurrying toward Tremont Temple. They were talking wildly, and the girl was drawn after them, and she learned that a great orator was to speak there on some question of reform, and that they were to seize him, and drag him into the street and maltreat him.

They rushed into the Temple, and the girl followed them with the crowd. The Temple filled, the people shouting, and some of them hissing. It was a place of tumult.

A tall man arose and lifted his hand. The sea became calm.

"All men have a right to wish and to live."

Then everything became still.

The child gazed upon that uplifted hand, and exclaimed—

"Oh, that is the man who touched me on the arm on New Year's."

The silver voice rang out. The Temple was as silent as a night in the deep forest, or as a place of graves. The crowd passed under the spell of the orator. When he had ended his speech, they passed out into the street.

Nearly all, but a company of young men who had come there pledged to assault the orator. They lingered to fulfill their resolutions. They began to assault the speaker with abusive language.

He stood there. The little girl waited. His features did not change. He came down from the pulpit, with a look of beneficence which seemed to the child godlike.

He stretched out his hand—I am describing an actual scene—he said to the young men:

"Back!"

They became silent and moved a little down the aisle towards the door.

"*Back!*"

They yielded a little more, inch by inch.

"*Back!*"

It was a trumpet tone. The overawed young men broke before it and went out into the street. Nothing could withstand the moral and soul force of that arm.

He turned to the little girl with a pleasant face.

She cried out—

"It was you that touched me on the arm."

"When?"

"In the night."

"I remember—we all have a right to live."

The girl went home and told her mother all, and said—

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"Mother, I will *live*."
"Of course you will."
"But I will *live*. He said I might."
"Who?"
"The angel of that New Year's eve."
"And I will send you to school."

She did, and that girl came to live in thousands of lives.

She returned from the lecture field to Boston on a cheerless day.

One of Boston's orators—her greatest—was to lie in state on that day, under the Shaw guard. It was in that hall that the orator had delivered his first oration. She went there in the pouring rain.

He lay there in white, like a dead prophet, with the most beautiful face that I ever saw in life or in death—that man who went about the streets of Boston on winter eves, touching little wistful children on the arm, and saying "Here" with his silver tongue, leaving a coin and vanishing. She stood before the coffin of the dead prophet, saw the transfigured face, and wept with the rain.

What a crowd was there! Hard-working people, Irishmen who had been immigrants, colored men, the poor and the helpless, street wanderers, wayfarers, people without domesticity. The rain fell as if the heavens came down—was there ever such a rain? Faneuil Hall Square was a pond, and the streets were rivers. And the people's tears fell like rain. They had lost a friend who sought neither riches, nor honor, nor any public office, but only their own good.

The hand that went about the streets of Boston touching helpless children on the arm on winter eves now lies still in a simple grave in the suburbs. His ancestors are buried in the Granary Burying Ground, but he wished to lie in death in some simple place, where the sun fell without obstruction, among the trees, and where the native birds sang. He had given the property left him by a noble family to the people—he entered upon life with a fortune and family honors, and he died without a title, leaving very little money behind him. He was Wendell Phillips.

Two Views of Siberia[1]

By George Kennan

IT is not often that one finds, in two books coming almost simultaneously from the press, two descriptions of the same country that differ more widely than do those of "A Siberian Klondike" and "Sixteen Years in Siberia." This remarkable difference is due partly to the fact that the two observers were separated, most of the time, by a distance of fifteen hundred miles, so that they did not see exactly the same region, and partly to an extraordinary disparity in their circumstances, opportunities, and social relations. Mr. Vanderlip went to Siberia, as a free American citizen, to look for another Klondike in the dreary, sub-arctic region lying between the Okhotsk Sea and Bering Strait; while Mr. Deutsch went there as a political criminal, condemned to thirteen years and four months of penal servitude at the mines of Kara. One lived the free, adventurous life of an explorer, by the camp-fire, on dog-sledges, and in native tents, while the other walked to his destination in leg-fetters, and then lived for years in one of the crowded *kameras* of a stockaded log prison. It is perfectly natural, therefore, that the two books should differ widely, not only in subject matter, but in what may be called mental attitude. Life and nature do not impress a prisoner as they impress a free adventurer; and a landscape seen by one through the grated window of a jail is quite a different thing from the same landscape seen by another from a swiftly moving dog-sledge, or from a camp in the open air.

It happens to have been my fortune to explore precisely the same region

[1] *In Search of a Siberian Klondike.* By Washington B. Vanderlip and Homer B. Hulbert. The Century Co., New York.
Sixteen Years in Siberia: Some Experiences of a Russian Revolutionist. By Leo Deutsch. Translated by Helen Chisholm. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

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that was visited by Mr. Vanderlip, and to make a careful study of exactly the same life that is described by Mr. Deutsch; and it is my purpose in this review to give, in brief outline, the impressions that the two books have made upon me. I seem to have been more or less closely connected with the lives of both authors, inasmuch as Mr. Vanderlip rode over the tundras of northeastern Asia in a saddle that I abandoned there thirty-five years ago, while Mr. Deutsch went to the mines with some of my best Siberian friends, and passed through Chita, in the province of the trans-Baikal, while I was making a study of the exile system in that same forlorn town.

Mr. Vanderlip's journey to Siberia was made in search of gold. After the discovery of the rich mines in the Klondike region and at Cape Nome, the attention of gold-seekers, both in Russia and in the United States, was attracted to the Tchuktche (Chóok-chee) peninsula—the extreme northeastern part of Siberia—where, it was thought, there might be placer deposits of the precious metal similar in character to those on the neighboring coast of Alaska. Mr. Vanderlip, a mining expert, was engaged by a Russian company to prospect this region, and in August, 1898, he sailed from Vladivostok, in the government transport Swatow, for the port of Ghijiga (Gée-zhee-gáh) at the northeastern corner of the Okhotsk Sea. Landing there in September, he went into the field at once with a party of natives and spent the whole of the following year in exploring, on horseback or on dog-sledges, the desolate and little-known region that lies between the Okhotsk Sea and Bering Strait. Upon his return to the civilized world, he narrated his adventures to Mr. Homer B. Hulbert, and by the latter they were written out and put into the form of the present book.

It is impossible, of course, within the narrow limits of a review, to cover, or even to epitomize, Mr. Vanderlip's experience as a Siberian prospector. He traveled with a few natives back and forth over the tundras, up the streams, and across the mountains of northeastern Asia, from Kamchatka (Kam-chát-kah) and the Okhotsk Sea on the south, to the Stánavói Mountains and Bering Strait on the north. Sometimes he rode on reindeer, and drank tea in Korak tents out of gilt mugs inscribed "To Father," "Merry Christmas," "God Bless Our Home," and "Remember Me;" sometimes he rode on dog-sledges and camped out in fierce polar gales which swept clouds of snow over his place of refuge; and sometimes he sat patiently in the smoke of blinding "smudges," kindled as a means of protection from myriads of bloodthirsty mosquitoes. Once he made a long and difficult journey to a bluff on the sea-coast, where, according to native stories, two American vessels had taken on board cargoes of gold ore. When he reached the spot, found that the "gold ore" was plain sandstone, and asked the local inhabitants why the Americans had carried away such worthless stuff as that, they replied naïvely, "To keep their ships from tipping over"!

In the course of his wanderings, Mr. Vanderlip suffered from cold, hunger, vermin, loneliness, and fatigue; lived, by turns, with Cossacks, half-breeds, Tchuktches, and "dog-Koraks;" crossed snowy mountains at heights of from 8,000 to 10,000 feet; was buried by Arctic blizzards, and nearly drowned in raging torrents; but through all his varied experiences he seems to have carried a brave, cheerful spirit, and he narrates his adventures so modestly, and with so little emotional emphasis, that one must know the country and be able to read between the lines in order fully to appreciate his courage and endurance. He never aims to produce an "effect," and his descriptions make no pretensions to high literary finish; but, so far as my experience in the same field enables me to judge, his simple, modest, colloquial story is absolutely true to the life. Although his book is filled with minute circumstantial details, every one of them is something that I distinctly remember, and, in almost every case, I remember it just as he describes it. Northeastern Siberia, evidently, has not changed one iota in thirty-five years, and Mr. Vanderlip's book is a faithful and trustworthy description of the country and its people. The photographs which

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illustrate the text are not remarkably good, but they are interesting for the reason that few pictures have ever been taken with a camera in that part of the world.

The atmosphere of Mr. Deutsch's book, "Sixteen Years in Siberia," differs from that of "A Siberian Klondike" very much as the air of a Siberian etape differs from that of a breezy Siberian tundra. It is, mainly, a record of prison experience; and it seems to me to present, in many respects, the most faithful and least exaggerated picture of Siberian prison life that is to be found in literature. Dostoyefski's "Notes from a House of the Dead" may take higher rank as the work of a more gifted and imaginative mind; Melshin's "World of Outcasts" may contain more psychological studies of criminal types; and the Siberian part of Tolstoy's "Resurrection" may be more artistic in literary form; but in fairness, accuracy, and fidelity to the facts as they are, Deutsch's work seems to me to surpass them all. It is singularly dispassionate in tone; its descriptions of so-called "horrors" are not exaggerated nor over-colored; it shows no undue resentment or bitterness of feeling; and it does full justice to all the ameliorating features of prison and exile life. It is, in short, a clear, well-written, and trustworthy account of penal methods and conditions in a long line of Siberian etapes, and in the convict prisons at the mines of Kara.

Leo Deutsch, the author of this book, was born in Russia in 1855. He became a "propagandist" at the age of nineteen; developed into a revolutionist two years later, and in May, 1876, with the aid of a comrade, attempted to assassinate a Russian government spy named Gorinovitch. After making two escapes from prison, he was arrested the third time by the German police at Freiburg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, while attempting to smuggle across the frontier a quantity of Russian socialistic literature printed in Switzerland. Russia and Germany then had no extradition treaty that covered political offenses; but the German officials consented to surrender Deutsch, as a common-law offender charged with attempted murder, provided the Russian Government would agree to try him in a civil court and by the regular course of procedure. Such an agreement was made, but was not fulfilled. As soon as the Russian authorities got possession of the prisoner, they tried him by court martial, in violation of the agreement and the treaty, and sent him to Siberia for life, with penal servitude at the mines for the first thirteen years and four months.

On the 16th of May, 1885, just as Frost and I were beginning our Siberian journey at St. Petersburg, Mr. Deutsch was beginning his, at Moscow. We reached Irkutsk almost together, and when I visited the Irkutsk prison, in September of that year, Mr. Deutsch was there. The Irkutsk chief of police, however, concealed that fact from me, and declared that the convict Liustig, whom he allowed me to see in his presence, was the only "political" that the prison contained. Mr. Deutsch left Irkutsk for the mines of Kara at the end of September; met and passed me at Chita, as I was returning from the mines; and finally reached his destination on Christmas Eve, 1885, after a journey that had occupied six months and a half. For the next five years he was one of sixteen political convicts who were crowded together in a single kamera of the old log prison at the Kara Lower Diggings. In the early part of 1891 he was allowed to live under police supervision outside the prison walls; and ten years later, in the spring of 1901, he succeeded in making his escape, by way of Vladivostok, Nagasaki, Yokohama, and San Francisco. On the 5th of November, 1901, he joined some of his old comrades at Zurich, in Switzerland, after an absence from Europe of sixteen years.

The greater part of Mr. Deutsch's book is devoted to the story of his arrest and extradition, his trial at Odessa, and his long journey through Asiatic Russia to the mines of the trans-Baikal. I tried, in "Siberia and the Exile System," to narrate such an experience and to describe such a journey, but although I visited forwarding prisons and etapes, talked with exiles and officials, and traveled with marching convict parties on the road, I could not know the life of a banished revolutionist as it is known to

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a man who has actually lived it, and Mr. Deutsch's book is full of interesting details that could hardly come to the knowledge of a foreign student of the subject, however diligent and painstaking he might be. Among such details are the government of the convict communes by the "Ivans;" the wild fighting for places in the overcrowded etapes; the character-studies of "Ivans," "biscuits," "brodyags," and other common criminal types; the exiles' stories of adventure and escape; the domestic economy of etape life; the attempts to compel Siberian officials to remove their caps on entering a "political" cell; the leg-fetter compromises; the head-shaving; the hunger strikes; the "swops," and hundreds of other facts, incidents, and circumstances that can be known only through long personal experience.

The most interesting part of Mr. Deutsch's narrative to me is that which relates to the happenings in the Kara political prisons after I left the trans-Baikal in the autumn of 1885. The death of Miss Armfeld, the three long hunger strikes, the flogging and death of Madame Sigida, the suicide immediately thereafter of Mesdames Kavalefskaya, Kaluzhnaya, and Smirnitskaya, and the attempt of seventeen of the male prisoners to kill themselves simultaneously on receipt of the tragic news from the women's prison—all these things were made known to me by my Siberian correspondents after I returned to the United States, but the details I have learned for the first time from Mr. Deutsch's book. He tells the story with admirable simplicity and without the least attempt to excite the sympathy or harrow up the feelings of his readers; but there are few things in the history of the exile system that are more extraordinary or more dramatic than the singing in the "Yakutsk room," which was the signal agreed upon for the simultaneous suicide of seventeen men in different parts of the prison. When the singing began, the prisoners in four different kameras bade one another good-by and took poison. They were willing and ready to die, but they would not be flogged.

Recent developments in China give particular and timely interest to the part of Mr. Deutsch's book that deals with the Russian invasion of Manchuria, and the cruel and unnecessary slaughter of inoffensive and unresisting Chinese by the Russian troops at Blagoveshchensk. Of these events the author was an eye-witness, and the descriptions that he gives of violence, outrage, rapine, and murder are hardly equaled by anything of the kind in the history of modern times. More than ten thousand peaceful Chinese, he says, were butchered or drowned, by direct order of the Russian authorities, at Blagoveshchensk and in its immediate vicinity. The invasion of Manchuria he describes as follows:

> The entry of our army into Manchuria was not merely signalized by flaming dwellings; nothing and nobody was spared. Women, children, and the aged were pitilessly slaughtered, young girls violated and then slain. Such were the deeds of our "heroes," as General Grodekov in his despatches called these warriors, for whose "brave deeds" he "could not find words to express his admiration." But even some of his officers themselves told with a shudder of the bloodthirsty instincts developed by these "heroes" in a war against unarmed men, women, and children on Chinese soil. A rich and thickly populated land was reduced, in a few months, to a barren desert, where charred ruins were visible here and there, and corpses were left to the wolves and the vultures.

Russia's rule in Manchuria may eventually prove to be beneficent; but it seems to have begun with the atrocities of Tamerlane and Genghis Khan.

Mr. Deutsch's book has been translated into English with what seems to be unusual fidelity and skill; its Russian names have been correctly transliterated; and it is furnished with an excellent subject-index of twelve closely printed pages.

In emphasizing the noteworthy differences between "A Siberian Klondike" and "Sixteen Years in Siberia," I have not lost sight of the fact that they possess many characteristics in common. Both are written in a style that is simple and readable; both are modest and unassuming; and both are free from exaggeration, and true to the real facts of the life described.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

A B C of Our Own Nutrition (The). By Horace Fletcher, Experimentally Assisted by Dr. Renest Van Someren, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., and Dr. Hubert Higgins, M.A., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 426 pages.

In this work we have an interesting discussion of the psychology of nutrition, and of its mechanical and chemical physiology. The book helps to answer such questions as "Do we eat too much?" "What are our indiscretions?" and "How can we avoid them?" The author shows that there is such a thing as not eating too much while eating all that the appetite desires.

American Art Annual, 1903-1904. Vol. IV. Florence N. Levy, Editor. Illustrated. The American Art Annual, New York. 6½×9¼ in. 506 pages.

The American Art Annual should prove of special worth to those interested in the sales of paintings, as it includes a list of them not only for 1903 but for the past three years. The list is made the more practicable since the names of artists are grouped alphabetically. There is also a list of important buildings completed during these years, and among other features we note an exhaustive directory of the names, addresses, and a short "Who's Who?" account of painters, sculptors, architects, art teachers, and workers in applied arts.

Bending of the Twig (The). Text and Pictures by Walter Russell. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 297 pages. $2, net.

A beautiful piece of book work is this volume, which the author, in his dedication, says purports "not to tell to 'grown-ups' how to mold the lives of little ones, but how the little ones mold the lives of 'grown-ups.'" It consists of a series of unconnected chapters of sentimental soliloquy, conversations with and tales told to children, and child monologues, charmingly illustrated by the author.

Christian Faith in an Age of Science. By William North Rice, Ph.D., LL.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 425 pages. $1.50, net.

In this luminously written work Professor Rice reviews the history of scientific discoveries affecting religious beliefs, the status of certain Christian doctrines in an age of science, and the general status of Christian evidences. He clearly recognizes the transitional condition of present religious beliefs in their traditional form. He does not hope that even in the near future we can define their final form. His purpose is merely to secure for the present a *modus vivendi*, while the readjustment of the boundaries of science and faith is proceeding. The most important practical lesson from the discussion of the subject seems to him to be "the compatibility of a theoretical skepticism with a practical faith." This general open-mindedness and breadth of view appear also in his treatment of particulars. He recognizes a legendary element in the New Testament as well as in the Old. The truth of the divine immanence well-nigh effaces the old distinction of natural and supernatural. God is conceived of as "eternally immanent in an eternal universe," and the existence of the material universe as "an eternal act of creation." The appearance of such a work from a Methodist university, while similar teachings in a neighboring Methodist university are about to be brought before an ecclesiastical tribunal as heretical, consolatory as it is for the defense, seems rather minatory for the prosecution.

Defense of the Castle (The). By Tudor Jenks. The Mershon Co., Rahway, New Jersey. 4¾×7½ in. 311 pages.

Because of the dramatic unity of this plot, the well-outlined characters, and the author's style—simple, straightforward, vigorous—this romance should attract the reading of young and old alike. The picture of thirteenth-century times in England has its own charm, and here and there in the description of the siege of a castle we find something of the atmosphere which distinguished Viollet-le-Duc's "Histoire d'une forteresse." As a romance of ancient warfare, "The Defense of the Castle" deserves a place on the shelf which already contains those historical romances and romances not so historical which have always appealed to a boy's fancy—and to a man's.

Devotional Songs: Specially Prepared for Use in Prayer and Evangelistic Meetings, Church Services, Sunday-Schools, Missionary and all Other Religious Gatherings. Compiled by W. H. Doane, Mus. Doc., William J. Kirkpatrick, and Hubert P. Main. The Biglow & Main Co., Chicago. 5½×8 in. 256 pages.

This new collection is characterized alike by the merits and the defects that judicious critics have noted in "Gospel Hymns." It offers many new songs and tunes similar in type to those designed for use "in all departments of church work where good enthusiastic singing is most desired."

Elementary Guide to Literary Criticism. By F. V. N. Painter, A.M., D.D. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4¾×7½ in. 195 pages. 90c. (Postage, 5c.)

Esarhaddon and Other Tales. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 64 pages. 40c., net.

These three tales were furnished for publication by Tolstoy free, with the purpose of giving the proceeds of sales to the victims of

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the Kishenev massacre. They are put forth simultaneously in several languages and countries. Fitly, they form an exposition of Tolstoy's views on the sacredness of human life and on non-resistance even to murderous persecution. The first is an allegory, the second a legend, the third a folk-lore tale. In artistic value and story-telling power this last may be compared not unfavorably with Tolstoy's beautiful parables for the common people.

Federation of Religions (The). By Rev. Hiram Vrooman. The Nunc Licet Press, Philadelphia. 4½×7¾ in. 138 pages. 75c., net.

The author, "temporary President" of the Federation, lays down the basis on which he expects it to work when started. This basis is purely scientific, and, so far as outlined here, is psychological. Mr. Vrooman is quite right in holding that feeling, not intellect, is the primary element of our nature, but deems it therefore necessary to make the novel claim that consciousness is of secondary rank, following, not preceding, desire. His doctrine of hope, fear, etc., as so many "spiritual substances" in the mind, constituting fields for "spiritual sciences," forms the newest psychology yet invented. On the religious side Mr. Vrooman believes in the Bible as the great illuminator of the religious world, and holds to the present reality of direct divine revelations.

Forerunners of Dante. By Marcus Dods, M.A., B.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 275 pages. $1.50, net.

It is but about ninety years since historical criticism began to question the originality of the author of the "Divine Comedy." That his imagination was fed from the stores of the world's thought upon the future life, and its retributions both to the just and the unjust, is a natural presupposition that research has abundantly verified. This, however, is no detraction from Dante's fame as the master interpreter of the beliefs that had been developing for many generations since the dawn of history. That development is here traced in ethnic, Hebrew, and Christian literature through twenty-one centuries. Dantean traits appear in Egyptian priest-stories, in Virgil, and especially in Plutarch. It is the Hebrew and the Christian apocalypses and legends that gradually produce the full development of the traditional vision in Owain and Thurcill, the immediate precursors of the great Florentine. Of Dante's own thought Dr. Dods undertakes no account, but has constructed an interesting and serviceable special introduction to the study of his climactic work.

Genius of Methodism (The): A Sociological Interpretation. By William Pitt MacVey. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 5×7½ in. 326 pages.

Mr. MacVey's account of the social evolution of the religious idea denominated Methodism, which he personifies as "she," is concise, clear, and somewhat panegyrical. He considers that "the Mind of Methodism very closely approximates the thought of God," and that it is the divine purpose that Methodism shall "be the means of realizing the ultimate world-form."

Grown Baby Book (The). By F. Strange Kolle. Illustrated. Richard G. Badger, Boston. 6×8 in. 71 pages.

Historical Evidence of the New Testament: An Inductive Study in Christian Evidences. By Rev. S. L. Bowman, A.M., S.T.D. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 6½×9½ in. 732 pages. $4.

A non-Christian scholar recently said to the present writer that no such person as Jesus Christ ever lived. It is Dr. Bowman's aim to confute this skepticism, and to establish the historicity of the Christian Scriptures for the benefit of "the intelligent young men of the period." His method is to draw upon the adversaries of Christianity during its first three centuries for testimony to the statements of the apostolic writers, and to cite the testimony of contemporary Christian writers in corroboration of what those adversaries admit. Whatever points of contact occur between the political and the Christian history are also utilized for the author's purpose. This is effectively accomplished so far as regards the main outlines and cardinal points of Christian history in the first three centuries, particularly in the first. But it would have been wiser to admit, as Dr. Bowman's fellow-churchman, Professor Rice, has admitted, the existence of a legendary element in the New Testament, as well as in the Old. Failure to make some necessary concessions to modern criticism will have the effect of making a really strong argument seem weak to some because of its occasionally excessive claims. Christian scholarship no longer sanctions the assertion that the plagues of Egypt were miraculously inflicted, nor permits Isaiah vii. 14 to be quoted as a prediction fulfilled in the virgin birth of Jesus.

History of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, 1741–1892. By Joseph Mortimer Levering. Illustrated. The Times Publishing Co., Bethlehem, Pa. 7×10 in. 809 pages.

Bethlehem's distinction consists in the fact that it is the chief seat of the Moravian Church in the United States. The history of the town is practically the history of Moravian people; it has its beginnings away back in the fifteenth century when the reformation before the Reformation began over in Bohemia and Moravia. Hus, Comenius, Zinzendorf—these and others as devoted carried the torch of their faith through darkness that at times seemed impenetrable. The primitive mildness, charitableness, and unselfish spirit seemed not to be crushed out but rather intensified by the development of the qualities of fortitude, courage, and aggressiveness engendered by persecution. When at last Moravians came to America, they reached the wilds not as refugees but as messengers of good news. They preached to the Indians, they built communities, they established not churches so much as stations for religious pioneering. They were indifferent to establishing a Church, for they were set on spreading Christianity. They liter-

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ally laid down their life, not merely individually, but organically. To-day, though by force of events they have developed into a distinct Church in America, they retain their early spirit and are pre-eminently a missionary people. As Count Zinzendorf said, they have always been like men who carry stone and mortar to the builders. In this volume of 800 pages Bishop Levering has told the story of the Moravians of Bethlehem. He has searched the archives of the Church, and his work shows his assiduity. The result is not merely a history of a Pennsylvania town, but of a movement that had a wholesome part in the making of America.

In Babel: Stories of Chicago. By George Ade. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 358 pages.

Kinship of Nature (The). By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 298 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Life and Letters of Robert Lewis Dabney (The). By Thomas Cary Johnson. Illustrated. The Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond, Va. 6×9½ in. 585 pages. $2.50, net. (Postage, 18c.)

Somebody has called letters the back stairs of history. In this volume one gets a good many glimpses of the social, academic, and popular side of life in the South for a generation before, during, and after the Civil War. If the book had been smaller and more rigorously edited, it would have been apt to appeal to a wider circle of readers in American biography. As it is, it will probably not be read so widely as it deserves to be. Dr. Dabney was born in Louisa County, Virginia. He grew up under that kind of civilization which curiously mingled aristocratic ideals with democratic doctrines, and, under conditions of rural life, developed a sort of good breeding that was strangely provincial and cosmopolitan at once. There are pictures here of life at the University of Virginia, like that life now in its liberty and at times almost license, unlike it in lacking the sense of honor among the students which, happily, is its chief pride to-day. There are pictures, too, of his life in the pastorate and in the chair of theology. These were days before the war. The sort of man he was may be guessed in part from these frank words in a letter: "As for South Carolina, the little impudent vixen has gone beyond all patience. She is as great a pest as the Abolitionists. And if I could have my way, they might whip her to her heart's content, so they would only do it by sea, and not pester us." He was a believer in the "Constitutional Union," but, when the die was cast, joined the Confederate army and served as Adjutant-General on the staff of "Stonewall" Jackson. His absolute candor was shown there in his criticism of his general, whom he vastly admired and trusted. His theological views may be surmised from his description of Robertson Smith's "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church" as "thoroughly untrustworthy." In theology he was representative of his section.

Piano Technic for Children. By Julia Caruthers. Illustrated. The Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago, Ill. 9×12 in. 142 pages. $2, net.

Pioneering in Central Africa. By Samuel P. Verner. Illustrated. The Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond. 5½×8½ in. 500 pages. $2, net.

The expanding influence of the Caucasian race, especially as shown in Africa, has been naturally accompanied by the extension of the Christian religion. Not only are trade, science, and government great agencies of advancing civilization; propagandists of religion rightly occupy an equal place alongside these agencies; and not merely an equal place, for, according to the author of this interesting volume, religion is a foremost force in all progress. It is in this spirit and with this belief that the book has been written; and we lay it down, after perusal, with the conviction, not only that we have learned some things from it of quite a different and more optimistic nature than the usual knowledge about the Congo State, but that we have also learned in its pages to recognize as perhaps never before the common kinship of the human race.

Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion. By Jane Ellen Harrison. Cambridge University Press (The Macmillan Co., New York). 5½×8¾ in. 680 pages. $5.

A splendid piece of scholarship in a hitherto neglected field is here, an approach to the study of Greek religion through the history of its ritual. The pantheon of Olympian gods, familiar to readers of Homer as worshiped with festive sacrifices, but subsequently discredited by Greek philosophy, was superimposed upon an earlier system of deities of the nether world, worshiped with magic rites for the placation of hostile powers. This magic ritual, with its ideas of atonement and purification, lived on while the legends of Olympus faded. An important factor was the incoming from Thrace of the worship of Dionysus, communicating the belief that man could attain divinity. Still more important was the rise of Orphism, so named from its legendary prophet Orpheus, who may be, as Miss Harrison believes, a real personality. He came into Greece infusing a deep spiritual mysticism into the primitive magic rites and their central idea of the mystery of evil. "Orphism was the last word of the Greek religion, and the ritual of Orphism was but the revival of ancient practices with a new significance." On its lower side it is repugnant to us, but on its higher side it presented divinity and immortality as the goal of perfect purity. This brief summary of the principal points developed by Miss Harrison quite fails to do justice to the charm with which she invests the subject in its close and constant connection with Greek mythology. Its richly illustrated pages attract the intelligent reader and gratify the classical scholar.

Religious Liberty: An Historical Paper. By Henry Melville King. Preston & Rounds Co., Providence, R. I. 5×7¾ in. 132 pages.

The historical background of our religious

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liberty is here exhibited, first in a sketch of the unjustly maligned Anabaptists of the sixteenth century and their successors; next in a sketch of Roger Williams, which does ampler justice to him than to the Massachusetts colonists who drove him out.

Rembrandt: His Life, His Work, and His Time. By Émile Michel. From the French by Florence Simmonds. Edited by Frederick Wedmore. (New Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 7½×11 in. 484 pages. $7.50, net.

When this work was first issued ten years ago, The Outlook said of it: "Vosmaer, Bredius, Bode, and Woermann have at last met their match in Émile Michel, who, from a monograph published years ago, has expanded his research and criticism into two portly volumes. It is perhaps not too much to say that this bids fair to become the standard work on Rembrandt. To begin at the end, the catalogue of paintings, drawings, and etchings is remarkably fine. The photogravures and other illustrations are superbly done. Ordinary photography would be hardly adapted to the rendering of the mellow golden-brown tone and thick impasto characteristic of Rembrandt's work. The artist's life is now for the first time related with fairness. There is no extenuation of its deficiencies, while full play is allowed to its humanness. M. Michel elucidates many interesting phases of Rembrandt's life: the pupils, Ferdinand Bol, Flinck, and the rest; the happy married life; the extravagance in expenditures for Saskia, for the studio, and in loans to friends; the relations with Hendrickje, the original of the portrait hanging in the Louvre, and exquisitely engraved, by the way, for the 'Century' by Mr. Cole; the sorrows, not always undeserved, but always cruel. What a strange isolation it was which attended the evening of the master's life! Even the event of his death came without notice from contemporaries. Painting is the one great art for which Holland has stood, and the one supreme name in Dutch painting is that of Rembrandt. His imagination was as sane as any the world has ever known. With all this, however, as M. Michel points out, he could not affect us as he does if he had not had technical skill, both in painting and etching, equal to his imaginative powers. This, however, was only the foundation; the superstructure is of entire originality." The third edition, which now appears with the same imprint (Scribners), brings this very valuable and interesting work within reach of many readers for whom the two-volume edition was too expensive. The reduction has been secured with no sacrifice either of text or of illustration. The margins have been cut down a little, and a slightly smaller but entirely satisfactory type has been used, and, as a matter of fact, some illustrations have been introduced which did not appear in the earlier edition. There are nine full-page illustrations which were omitted from the first English edition and which are restored in the present edition, which, for that reason, is more valuable than its more expensive predecessor.

Sermons from St. Ignatius's Pulpit. By Rev. Arthur Ritchie. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee. 5½×8¼ in. 298 pages. $1, net.

These sermons are devotional in tone, and faithful in dealing with moral faults and negligence of religious duties. With these merits, characteristic of ritualistic churchmen, they combine that curious trait of the extreme "Catholic" party in the Protestant Episcopal Church which, by its implicit exaltation of form above spirit, falls into the fundamental fallacy of sectarianism. Thus Mr. Ritchie rebukes his fellow-churchmen who took part in the Ecumenical Missionary Conference (among whom was Bishop Doane) for "spurious charity" in fraternizing with those who are guilty of "heresy and schism."

Sir Joshua Reynolds. Illustrated. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 6½×9¼ in. 64 pages. $1.25.

Reserved for later notice.

Stories of Rocks and Minerals for the Grammar Grades. By Harold W. Fairbanks, Ph.D. The Educational Publishing Co., Boston. 5½×7¾ in. 236 pages.

Sunshine and Love. Compiled by Katharine G. Spear. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 4×6¾ in. 374 pages. $1, net.

Sword of Garibaldi (The). By Felicia Buttz Clark. Illustrated. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5¼×8 in. 274 pages. $1.25.

The reader of this historical romance catches an occasional glimpse of the great Italian general, but is chiefly concerned in following the fortunes in love and war of certain imaginary supporters of their common cause, "United Italy."

Through Five Republics on Horseback. By G. Whitfield Ray, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. Hurley & Watkins, Brantford, Canada. 5½×8½ in. 304 pages. $1.50.

This is an interesting volume, because the author shows in a different way from others the religious necessities and the ethnological conditions of the country. Fourteen years ago he went to South America as a self-supporting missionary, beginning his work in the Argentine Republic among Spanish-speaking peoples, and ending more than two thousand miles in the interior among naked savages. As an explorer he was the first man to visit the Caingwá—sun-worshipers of Paraguay—and as an adopted Indian he lived among the savage Lenguas. The volume has, therefore, distinct ethnological value; indeed, it should appeal equally to students of ethnology and to students of religious conditions.

Twentieth Century New Testament (The): A Translation into Modern English Made from the Original Greek. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 513 pages. $1, net.

Voice of April-Land and Other Poems (The). By Ella Higginson. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×6¼ in. 121 pages.

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Correspondence

The Southern Question: "The Way Out"

I.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Excuse me if I say that I have read with the greatest surprise a paper of yours called "The Way Out" in your number for December 26. I speak now especially of its strange misapprehension of the condition of things under slavery half a century ago, as viewed by slaveholders themselves. You complain that a great many Northern people have overlooked the fact that "in the old South there was very little negro crime and no negro idleness;" you say, "nor must it be forgotten, so far as the negro is concerned, that slavery was in its way a thoroughgoing school, and that the negro race was educated in the cotton-fields and the cabins of the South." In making these statements you absolutely overlook the testimony of the most enlightened teachers and religious bodies at the South, as will be seen in the following citations:

"Who would credit it, that in these years of benevolent and successful missionary effort, in this Christian republic, there are over two millions of human beings *in the condition of heathen*, and in some respects in a worse condition?" (Committee of Synod of South Carolina and Georgia in 1833.)

"After making all reasonable allowances, our colored population can be considered, at the best, but *semi-heathen*." (Kentucky Union's Circular to the Ministers of the Gospel in Kentucky, 1834.)

"There needs no stronger illustration of the doctrine of depravity than the state of human nature on plantations in general." . . . "Their advance in years [*i.e.*, that of the negroes] is but a progression to the higher grades of iniquity." (Hon. C. C. Pinckney, Address before South Carolina Agricultural Society, Charleston, 1829, second edition, pp. 10, 12.)

"Ignorant and indolent by nature, improvident and depraved by habit, and destitute of moral principle, as they [the negroes] generally appear to be." (Rev. Dr. Dalcho, Practical Considerations, etc., Charleston, 1823, p. 6.)

"There seems to be almost an entire absence of moral principle among the mass of our colored population." (C. W. Gooch, Esq., Prize Essay on Agriculture in Virginia.)

But the chief authority on this whole subject is the work of the Rev. C. C. Jones, called "The Religious Instruction of the Negro in the United States," Savannah, 1842, which lies before me. The author of this book, a resident of Liberty County, Georgia, furnished in it an anti-slavery document to which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was feeble. Being himself a man of the highest character and a laborious defender of slavery, he says:

"When the charge of their intellectual and moral degradation [of negroes] is preferred against us, we are inclined to put the best face on affairs, knowing that this is the darkest feature and the most vulnerable point" (p. 107). "That the negroes are in a degraded state is a fact, so far as my knowledge extends, universally conceded" (p. 145). "We have, indeed, assisted in sending missionaries to the heathen thousands of miles from us. . . . But what have we done publicly, systematically, and perseveringly for the negroes in order that they may also enjoy the Gospel of Christ? Why are they, as a class, overlooked by us in our benevolent regards and efforts?" (p. 167). "The negro children cannot be 'hearers of the law,' for oral instruction is but sparingly afforded to the mass of them; and, on the other hand, they cannot 'search the Scriptures,' for a knowledge of letters they have not, and, legally, they cannot obtain. . . . The remarks on the religious instruction of children apply with equal correctness to adults" (pp. 115, 117). "Negro marriages are neither recognized nor protected by law" (p. 132). "Uncleanness—this sin may be considered as universal." "They are proverbially thieves." "Immense quantities of ardent spirits are sold in the Southern States to the negroes, by retailing shops, established for the express purpose of negro trading, wherever such trade may be secured" (p. 138). "To say that they fare as well as their masters does not settle the point; for great numbers of masters have very few or no religious privileges at all" (p. 176).

I have given this conclusion, but not the accumulation of facts which his book brings out. They came from a man who apparently worked harder for the religious instruction of the African race in the Southern States than any other for a century. The results of his missionary work were thus stated by the chief laborer among the missionaries, and he says in conclusion, "We are so accustomed to sin in the negroes that our sensibilities are blunted," and he quotes President Jefferson, who said, "The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals uncontaminated" [in the midst of slavery], and Judge Summers in Virginia, who said in a speech of 1832, "A slave population produces the most pernicious effects upon the manners, habits, and character of those among whom it exists." This is the testimony of witnesses of the highest standing, given in regard to the community of which The Outlook now writes, "In the old

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South there was very little negro crime and no negro idleness."

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

II.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

For the past twenty-five years I have been a large employer of negro labor. I have had the management of a tract of land during that time which for one mile of its line was bordered by land belonging to negroes. There are in this settlement about twenty families, three of whom I have assisted to acquire homes. My business has taken me into many of the homes of two counties in this State and three in Kentucky. For these five I can speak from actual knowledge, and I can say that the negro has had every chance that the white man has had, except one, and that was and is of his own seeking. He has had his full share of the school money, and has had good schools for the whole of that time. He has bought and sold all sorts of property. There has been no attempt to molest him or make him afraid. He has had justice, opportunity, education. I believe, really, that all of them have been rather "inclined to the weaker side." There has been but one hanging in this county of thirty thousand people during that time, and that was of a white man for killing a negro.

From some observations of my own, and from inquiry from many people that I have met, I believe that these same conditions exist all over the two States of Tennessee and Kentucky.

Now, referring to your article, "The Way Out," in December 26 number, "Suddenly he was turned out of this school and no other school was opened to him." . . . "It is not surprising that, having had the school door closed in his face . . ." The school referred to is slavery.

As I have shown above, you are mistaken. As a matter of fact, he has had superior opportunities, and a few have profited by them. But the great majority, I am sorry to say, have abused them. There has been no questioning of their right to vote, or obstruction put in the way. What has been the result? Not one out of one hundred who has not taken a bribe, and, according to law and justice, these have forfeited all right to vote. It may be said that they were led to this by bad white men. This is certainly so, but it is equally certain that these men would not have attempted it if they had not known how easy it was to do. At first a few bad men bribed a few bad negroes. The disease having been started, as was the smallpox, by the whites among the Indians found a congenial soil and has spread, till now very few of the negroes are not contaminated, and it is reacting on the whites. As a result we are governed by a set of bribe-givers elected by a set of bribe-takers.

The same nature, born in the man, unless changed, that makes these results easy, will lead from bad to worse. No exercise of "the inalienable right" of suffrage, no education, no equal opportunity, no Declaration of Independence theory of being born equal, will ever bring permanent results without this. On this platform these two races and all other races can live together in harmony and love, and on this alone. There is no other solution.

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[Whatever Colonel Higginson says carries great weight, and The Outlook prints his letter with pleasure as the testimony of a man whose knowledge of the subject covers almost the whole period of the discussion of slavery, and who was personally concerned in the anti-slavery movement almost from its inception. There is, however, no real conflict between Colonel Higginson's statements and the statements in the editorial to which he refers. The Outlook did not commend in any way the education which slavery gave, but it pointed out the fact that slavery was an education enforced over the whole South; very crude, but nevertheless drilling men, by compulsion, into habits of industry and fidelity, and imparting to a great majority of them a certain skill in different kinds of handicraft. Slavery furnished a compulsory, quasi-industrial education. It enforced a restraint which kept the slaves largely from open crime, but it wholly failed to develop the qualities and character which go with independent manhood. That, however, is not the question at issue. The Outlook simply meant to point out the fact that, under slavery, the negro was held to certain work, was compelled to do certain things, was restrained from certain crimes. As slavery was constantly fed by importation, the character of the negro in slavery was undoubtedly faithfully reported by the authorities quoted by Colonel Higginson. Dealing with this mass of semi-savage human beings, slavery, with a strong hand, largely repressed their criminal propensities and largely trained them to certain elementary work. When this school was broken up by the war, it remains true, in spite of Mr. Meriwether's statements, that no equivalent universal education was substituted. The great mass of negroes were for a time without school opportunities, and when opportunities came they were accepted or rejected as the negro chose. Under slavery he was forced to take a certain schooling; under freedom he has his choice; and it is true, as Mr. Meriwether says, that he has often chosen to be ignorant and indolent. It would be easy to make the entire population of any country fairly industrious and orderly if that population were under rigid military government. This would mean very little for their moral development, but it would enforce certain habits of order and impart certain skill in industry if the supervision were exercised for that purpose. This is what happened in the South.—THE EDITORS.]

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